

The Nation and The Athenæum

THE NATION. VOL. XXXV., No. 16.] SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1924. [THE ATHENÆUM. No. 4916.

CONTENTS

	PAGE		PAGE
EVENTS OF THE WEEK	495	THE DRAMA :—	
THE SHADOW ON THE CONFERENCE	498	The Disadvantages of Being Clever. By Francis Birrell	509
NEW MINES FOR OLD	499	ARCHITECTURE :—	
THE POLICY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND. By J. M. Keynes	500	The Gothic Revival and Liverpool Cathedral. By Hope Bagenal	510
ALFRED MARSHALL. By C. P. S.	502	POETRY :—	
LIFE AND POLITICS. By A. G. G.	502	For a Dewdrop. By Eleanor Farjeon	510
THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. By M.P.	504	THE WORLD OF BOOKS :—	
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR: The Government Housing Bill (E. D. Simon); Italy and South Tyrol (Joseph Sturge); The Church in the Villages (Not a Parson); The Society for Cultural Relations (N. F. Dryhurst); The Fisheries Organization Society (Cecil Harmsworth); Olympic Games (G. C. R.); Discovering a Poet (M.)	505	Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan." By Leonard Woolf	511
MOTOR-BUS IN SOUTHERN ANNAM. By Stella Benson	507	REVIEWS :—	
"PUJU." By Elizabeth Bibesco	508	Alleged Milton Stanzas. By Richard Aldington	512
		The Weald of Kent. By V. Sackville-West	512
		Fiction. By F. H.	513
		Rimsky-Korsakov	513
		A History of Art. By Angus Davidson	514
		The Lytteltons. By S. C. Roberts	516
		A Family History. By Gilbert Thomas	516
		Science and Philosophy. By J. L. Benvenisti	518
		BOOKS IN BRIEF	518

All communications and MSS. should be addressed to the Editor, THE NATION AND THE ATHENÆUM, 10, Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2.

EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE Allied Conference is now at grips with its work, after vicissitudes that have come near wrecking it in advance. We view with grave disquietude the results of the Prime Minister's visit to Paris. It is possible that, in view of the situation that had arisen, he did the best he could. It is almost certain, as Mr. Asquith observed in the House on Monday, that he saved M. Herriot and thereby saved the Conference; and both these lives *may* still be worth saving, though it remains to be seen whether it is not a case of *propter vitam vivendi perdere causas*. It will cease to be important to keep M. Herriot in office, if he can act only by grace of M. Poincaré and the Quai d'Orsay. As for the prospects of the Conference, Mr. MacDonald has not only had to sacrifice at Paris understandings, or apparent understandings, that would have made for a real settlement; he has committed himself to understandings that are thoroughly objectionable. In particular he seems to have accepted the French thesis of the sanctity of the Reparation Commission.

So far as can be gathered from the Prime Minister's involved statement in the House of Commons the proposal to strengthen the Commission by the appointment of an American member (which would mean that France could no longer command the Commission as she does at present with one French vote, one Belgian vote, and the French chairman's casting vote) is unlikely to materialize, for the reason—which might have occurred to the two Premiers a little earlier—that such a member can only be appointed by Congress, and Congress does not meet at the earliest till December. Whether Congress would accept the proposal in any case is doubtful. The alternative suggestion now is that a single American should be appointed as arbiter in case of an alleged default by Germany. No such responsibility ought to be placed on a single individual, and the Prime Minister's original proposal of some League tribunal is so essentially sound that it ought not to be abandoned even to satisfy France. It is certainly outrageous that Mr. MacDonald should contemplate, as he apparently does,

committing us on the arbitrament of some chance American to "stand shoulder to shoulder with France" in imposing "sanctions" on Germany.

The issue of the Conference may turn largely on how far France finds herself opposed by Britain, Italy, and Belgium, and how great an impression such isolation makes on her delegates. This aspect of the Conference need not be emphasized unduly, but it is clear that Britain, Italy, and Belgium, if left to themselves, could decide on the method of application of the Dawes Report in twenty-four hours. The difficulties come from Paris, and they are vastly increased by the announcement made by M. Herriot in the French Senate last week that he stood by the declarations of his predecessors regarding the evacuation of the Left Bank of the Rhine. That was immediately interpreted to mean that M. Herriot agrees that the fifteen-year occupation has not yet begun to run, since Germany has not yet begun fully to discharge her obligations. Even M. Tardieu, the author of that untenable doctrine, could never have hoped to live to hear his gospel voiced by the leader of the Radical Left. Questioned on this matter by Mr. Asquith in the House of Commons, the Prime Minister made no reply, but it is clear that no agreement is going to be reached if France takes her stand on that position. However anxious the Marx-Stresemann Government may be to come to terms on the basis of the Dawes Report, such a claim by France, coupled with the fact that no sign has been given of any military evacuation of the Ruhr, would and could mean only the overthrow of the present Government in Germany and the advent of the Nationalists to power. Once more, if it is not already too late, we would implore Mr. MacDonald to realize the futility of compromising the British position in order to reach an agreement with France on a basis which Germany is certain to repudiate.

Lord Parmoor announced in the House of Lords on Monday that the three British delegates to the League of Nations Assembly would be the Prime Minister, Lord

Parmoor himself, and Mr. Arthur Henderson, with Professor Gilbert Murray as delegate-substitute to complete our representation when Mr. MacDonald could not attend. Apart from the Prime Minister, this is by long odds the weakest delegation Great Britain has sent to Geneva yet, but it is redeemed to some extent by the appointment of Professor Murray, who knows more about foreign affairs, and League affairs in particular, than his two colleagues put together. At present there is no business of outstanding importance to come before the Assembly except the Draft Treaty of Mutual Assistance. The British Government has transmitted its views on this subject to Geneva, and it is believed that they are unfavourable, but they have not yet been laid before Parliament. Meanwhile, the conversations with M. Herriot can hardly fail to bring the Treaty, or something very like it, on the political map once more; and it is significant that Mr. MacDonald cordially assented, in the House of Commons on Monday, to some proposals from Mr. Asquith which closely resembled the Treaty, shorn of its special pacts. In any case, the Treaty itself will be discussed at length at Geneva, and it is a great pity that its chief begetter, Lord Cecil, will not apparently be present either as a British or a Dominion delegate this year.

The House of Commons has entered this week upon what will probably prove its most important task this session—the task of amending Mr. Wheatley's Housing Bill. A large number of carefully considered amendments have been tabled by Liberal members, of which perhaps the most important is that which provides that the rents which should be aimed at for the new houses should be the rents now prevailing for pre-war houses "of similar size, type, and amenity." This would place the rents of the new houses on the same basis as those for the Chamberlain and Addison houses, and would remove one of the most vicious features of Mr. Wheatley's scheme. It is greatly to be hoped that this amendment will be insisted on. Meanwhile, Mr. E. D. Simon has been pressing Mr. Wheatley assiduously at question time to declare exactly how he stands in relation to the building trade. Asked whether the building trade unions have accepted the Bill as constituting the "guarantee" which they said must be given to them before they would facilitate an increase in the supply of skilled labour, Mr. Wheatley replied that the Report of the National House Building Committee had already been published. Asked what guarantee there was that, if the Bill passed, it would not be repudiated by one or more of the trade unions, Mr. Wheatley replied "the only guarantee which one honourable body of men gives to another." Asked how honourable men could be bound by something to which they had not agreed, Mr. Wheatley pretended to be stupid, and referred again to the Report of the House Building Committee. Conservative members took up the same point in Committee on Wednesday without eliciting any more satisfactory response. The truth is that the Bill does not give any sort of guarantee to the building trade, but is confined to a policy of subsidies and rent control which in the long run is more likely to hamper than to promote the erection of houses.

Meanwhile the stoppage in the building trade continues, and the Court of Inquiry, presided over by Lord Buckmaster, having failed to bring about a resumption of negotiations, have reverted to their official function, and issued their Report. The Court, after enumerating

various factors as contributory to the dispute, declare their opinion that "the main cause of the cessation of work in the building industry is the refusal of the Liverpool operatives . . . to submit to the decisions of the National Wages and Conditions Council." Their conclusion is that "the settlement of the Liverpool difficulty and the resumption of negotiations appear to be the only means by which the dispute can be brought to a speedy end." This is not a very hopeful conclusion; and it seems likely that the dispute will drag on for a long time. As regards the Liverpool difficulty, the union leaders are as anxious as the employers to bring the Liverpool operatives into line; but the plain fact is that they are totally unable to do so. The real moral of the dispute is the same moral that we have drawn from many disputes in the last few months, that there is a definite, though unconscious, reaction on the part of workers against the cherished ideal of trade unionism, the negotiation of uniform agreements on a national basis, without any regard to local economic conditions, or much regard to economic conditions at all. It is not very easy for anyone, even a trade union federation, to "suspend the laws of supply and demand."

The debate on Singapore in the House of Lords gives further evidence that the advocates of the scheme are not prepared to accept defeat. Their agitation has now taken the peculiarly mischievous form of attempting to extract from the Government the promise of an early reversal of their decision, in default of a definite general agreement as to armament limitation. The Government's attitude towards every problem of defence must ultimately be affected, as Lord Haldane courageously said, by the success or failure of the new foreign policy outlined by the Prime Minister on March 18th; but nothing could be less helpful than these impatient demands for a time limit, dictated by an obvious disbelief in the possibility of any security other than that of force. Those who think, with the Marquis of Linlithgow, that the Prime Minister's "gesture" was addressed only to his own "extreme supporters," despair of the future of the world. Almost equally mischievous was Lord Long's declaration that Australia and New Zealand would regard the Government's decision as a definite repudiation of responsibility for Imperial defence. It seems to be the delight of some Imperialist speakers to accentuate and embitter every difference of opinion between the Home and Dominion Governments. Such tactics are sufficiently deplorable in the realm of domestic policy; they are still more deplorable where the gravest issues of foreign policy are affected.

The good news that Zaghlul Pasha has now intimated his willingness to meet Mr. Ramsay MacDonald with a view to exploring the possibilities of an amicable settlement of the issues between Great Britain and Egypt has been rapidly followed by an attack on the Egyptian Prime Minister by a Nationalist fanatic, who explained his act as inspired by a desire to prevent the opening of negotiations. Fortunately there seems good reason to hope that the wound inflicted is not sufficiently serious greatly to delay Zaghlul Pasha's departure. In the House of Commons debate on the Sudan, all parties showed a welcome desire to strengthen Mr. MacDonald's hands. There was general agreement, both that we could not divest ourselves of our responsibility for the government of the Sudan, and that every possible guarantee should be given for the protection of Egyptian interests,

especially with regard to the water supply. It was suggested in the course of discussion that the whole question should be referred to the League of Nations; but while such a course cannot logically be shut out as a final resort, the feeling of the House was obviously with Mr. MacDonald in declaring that every possible effort should be made to secure a direct agreement between the British and Egyptian Governments. Many circumstances combine to make it difficult for Zagh Pasha to take the "objective" view of which Mr. MacDonald speaks, but there is a genuine desire on this side to smooth his path by making every reasonable concession.

* * *

While Mr. Gandhi and the Indian Swarajists are engaged in their struggle for the control of the Nationalist movement, it may be well for British Liberals to take note of an effort being made in England this summer by advocates of the *via media*. They represent the recently formed National Conference of Indian Liberals, and their project is a new constitution embodying the Dominion solution. The central point of their demand is that India must frame her own Constitution. Their method is the creation of regional committees in India for the discussion of proposals to be hammered into formal shape at the end of this year and brought before Parliament next session. There is a touch of irony in the fact that the head of the movement for building a self-governing India upon the basis of a constitution made by Indians alone should be Dr. Annie Besant, and that this remarkable woman's personal following should be the chief agents of the excellent publicity that the scheme has secured in England. But two things should be remarked. First, that no deputation from overseas has ever comprised so gifted a company of speakers as those who, under the lead of Dr. Besant and Mr. Sastri, are engaged in arguing the case of India a Dominion. And secondly that, as the Swarajist chaos increases, this already strong body of influential Indians will tend to gather force.

* * *

The meeting of the Trades Union Congress in September will have before it an important resolution embodying the proposals of the General Council for extending its powers to deal with industrial disputes. The resolution provides that affiliated unions shall be under an obligation to keep the Council informed on all questions arising either between unions and employers or between one union and another, especially where large numbers of workers are affected. Unless specifically invited, the Council is not to intervene in a dispute until all negotiations have broken down, but in the event of a deadlock being reached in a dispute affecting other bodies of workmen than those immediately concerned, the resolution provides that the Council may call a conference of the unions concerned and endeavour to promote a settlement. Should a stoppage result from the policy of the employers, the Council seeks authority to organize such support for the unions concerned as the situation may warrant, and many people will, no doubt, be alarmed by the prospect of strikes on an unprecedented scale. The experience of the Triple Alliance shows, however, that the big battalions are not easily mobilized save in the last extremity, and the chief effect of the extended powers sought by the Council would probably be to increase its effectiveness as a moderating influence and to assist in protecting the public against the consequences of internal disputes in the ranks of organized Labour.

The first International Power Conference, which has just concluded its session, is an event of more than technical interest. It is another step in that process of voluntary co-operation between technical and commercial organizations which is going on alongside the political organization of the world through the League of Nations and the International Court. Such bodies as the International Maritime Committee and the International Association of Chambers of Commerce have done much to secure unification of commercial law and practice, and by so doing to facilitate the flow of trade and remove occasions of friction. The permanent body which is to be formed as a result of the Power Conference should assist greatly in the pooling of knowledge and the development of the world's power resources. What is perhaps even more important is the effect of these and similar activities in emphasizing the conception of the world as an economic unit, and fostering that habit of thinking and acting internationally which must be developed if the League is to represent a real society of nations.

* * *

Our Irish Correspondent writes: "The joke of the week is the discovery by Mr. O'Higgins of a technical point which renders it his duty under the Constitution to obtain immediately the Royal Assent to the Intoxicating Liquor Bill, 1923. This Bill was passed by the last Dáil, but the Senate adjourned without considering it, and it was then decently buried—until the Minister for Justice met with unexpected opposition to his new Liquor Bill, and began evidently to read the Constitution for solace. Now deputies are faced with a dilemma, the end of which will probably be a prolongation of the session and the complete wrecking of many tempers. Meanwhile, under the innocent title of Enforcement of Order (Occasional Powers), or words to that effect, we have restored the days of Newgate and the Fleet, and it is once more possible to be imprisoned for debt, and to come out of prison owing more money than when you went in. It is perfectly true that some drastic measure is badly needed for the purpose of getting debts paid, for at present everyone owes everyone else money. The present remedy is a heroic one, and will either fail altogether or else have a very salutary effect on the morale of the country.

* * *

"The Twelfth of July celebrations this year seemed to have something a little meagre about them. Of course one would not take them at the valuation of the Dublin newspapers, but it is true that there was a noticeable absence of the bright stars of Orangery—and no soul-stirring message from Lord Carson. Worse than this, however, was the fact that at some of the gatherings there were undoubted signs of dissension; Mr. Archdale—an inoffensive and popular man—was rudely heckled. The most interesting speech made during the day was that of an interrupter, who inquired, 'What the Hell do we care about England?' This sentiment, which seems to be gaining ground in the loyal area, is a revival of the good old spirit of the original Ulster Presbyterian, who was always careful, after denouncing the 'Irish,' to add an equal or greater measure of contempt for the English. It is in this spirit that Ulstermen rule the world—but a strong dose of it at present would be very inconvenient from the Imperial standpoint. The truth is that the Nixon episode is not yet done with, and the tour of Mr. Feetham (whom the wags of the Dublin Bar call 'Defeat 'em,' from the French) and his subsequent visit to Mr. Cosgrave have stirred up dark suspicion and foreboding."

THE SHADOW ON THE CONFERENCE.

IF Thomas Hardy's *Spirit of the Ironies* is still watching over the nations he must be revelling in this week's London Conference, with its massed delegations from ten countries meeting to discuss a question which, they have repeatedly declared, was settled irrevocably five years ago. It is indeed fortunate for the dignity of the Allied and Associated Powers that there is no spectator of their proceedings so detached and so indifferent to the human suffering involved as to be willing and able to expose the ridiculous side of the Reparations story. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is amazed at the generosity of the Allies in adopting the Dawes Report. "Was there ever in history," he asks, "—will there ever be again—victor nations who are ready to adopt a scheme which begins by the victors lending money to the vanquished to set the vanquished on their legs?" The inquiry might be carried a little further back. Were there ever victor nations who imposed, in direct violation of the terms upon which their enemies surrendered, a burden of indemnity obviously far in excess of the utmost that could be paid under the most favourable circumstances, and then destroyed the economic life of the vanquished as a penalty for not meeting these impossible demands? It should not be necessary at this stage to review the history of the Reparations question, but unless the general trend of that history is borne in mind it is impossible to see the present problem in its right perspective.

The business of the London Conference has been admirably summarized in a phrase by M. Herriot. It is "to transfer the Reparations problem from the political to the economic sphere." Hitherto the ruling powers in France have been less concerned to get payments from Germany than to keep Germany weak. Even in this country there has been much confusion as to the object in view. The desire that Germany should be made to pay for the war has been balanced by the fear of German competition in British and neutral markets. Now, however, the Dawes Committee, by a stroke of genius, has divided the process of exacting reparations from the process of receiving them. Under this scheme the Germans are to be responsible only for pouring resources into a pool in Berlin; the Allies themselves are to arrange for the transference of these resources to their own countries. Thus it will no longer be possible to punish Germany for a default which has been partly caused by obstructing the importation of German goods. That is an important step forward which does not seem to have been appreciated by certain Members of Parliament, judging by their contributions to the debate last Monday. M. Poincaré, however, appears to be fully alive to the significance of this development and to the extent to which it will cut the ground from beneath his feet if the scheme is put into operation. To him it has always been a cardinal point of policy to retain safeguards which will ensure that, whenever France wishes, Germany can be branded as a defaulter. Hence the alarms and excursions of last week.

The nature of the "misunderstanding" which nearly caused the "pre-natal death" of the Conference is now clear. The communication to Italy faithfully embodied proposals to which M. Herriot had given a tentative assent at Chequers, but it was thoroughly bad tactics to disclose such sensible plans—just the points to which M. Herriot would necessarily find it difficult to reconcile his countrymen—in advance of the Conference. It was this disclosure which enabled M. Poincaré and his associates to raise such a storm in Paris as threatened to sweep the Herriot Administration from office, and necessitated Mr. MacDonald's hurried journey

and hurried concessions to French opinion. The precise meaning of those concessions is still in doubt, but there is reason to fear that too high a price has been paid for the political life of M. Herriot. If, indeed, M. Herriot were strong enough to act in accordance with his own judgment, his retention of office would be of such incalculable value to the cause of European peace that almost any sacrifice would be worth making to that end. It seems, however, that M. Poincaré still has the power to unmake Governments, and therefore to dictate in some measure the policy which they shall pursue towards Germany; and, with an unerring instinct for tilting the scales of justice, M. Poincaré has ordained that the Reparations Commission, which France dominates, shall be the body to decide whether Germany is duly carrying out the Dawes scheme. If he has his way, therefore, this country may at any time find itself committed to taking part in coercive measures, even warlike measures, against Germany on account of a "default" no more real than that which formed the excuse for the invasion of the Ruhr. That is a danger which no British Government ought to run. It would be better to abandon the attempt to reach immediate agreement on the Dawes scheme than to secure it on terms which might involve us in acts of criminal injustice.

How far Mr. MacDonald is already committed to accept the arbitrament of the Reparations Commission is, as we have said, still in doubt. The joint Note concocted in Paris is so ambiguously phrased on this point as to leave considerable freedom to the Conference, and Mr. MacDonald's subsequent explanations have tended to make the obligation appear even vaguer than the terms of the Note suggest. Legal experts are, it seems, to report to the Conference as to whether the Reparations Commission *can* legally adjudicate upon the carrying out of the Dawes scheme; and if they report in the affirmative, there is still the question of American participation to be considered. But although the Conference now sitting is not bound to adopt the French proposal, it is not free, as it should be, to seek independently for the best solution. The whole position has been compromised; the expedient of calling in the Financial Committee of the League of Nations has been vetoed beforehand, and our own Prime Minister has committed himself to an attempt to work the scheme under the aegis of the Reparations Commission.

It is only too clear that a serious blunder has been made and that the prospects of a Conference upon which high hopes have been centred are thereby clouded at the outset. At last, after a long period of intense misery, it seemed as though Europe was escaping from bondage. The French Elections brought a message of reprieve. The Dawes Report offered a way by which the new French Government could co-operate with our own Government of advanced internationalists in a new attitude of reconciliation towards Germany. Was all this illusion, and are we to be thrown back into the slough of despond? If Mr. MacDonald is merely going to adopt the phraseology of Mr. Ronald McNeill and talk about "standing shoulder to shoulder with France" in forcing Germany to fresh humiliations, while M. Herriot dresses up his policy to make it indistinguishable from that of M. Poincaré, then, indeed, hope may die again in Europe. It is not by pious aspirations that peace can be restored. The task calls for statesmanship, of which the most essential attribute is a readiness to risk one's political skin in the pursuit of a great opportunity. Both M. Herriot and Mr. MacDonald seem to cherish the hope of bringing off a settlement which will be acclaimed as a triumph by all sections of opinion (including the reactionaries) in their own countries. Alas! such triumphs are not to be won in this world. If ever a settlement of this problem is attained, the one thing that can be predicted with certainty about it is that the Prime Ministers who effect it will be denounced as traitors by a noisy section of their countrymen.

NEW MINES FOR OLD.

THE Report on Coal and Power* of the Liberal Inquiry, presided over by Mr. Lloyd George, must be unique in the annals of party or quasi-party literature. When a party sets up a committee to work out a policy on this subject or that, one does not expect a striking contribution to sociological research. One hopes that a few of the constructive ideas that are current among serious students of the subject will be "taken up"; and one is resigned to the probability that this ore will be mixed with the dross of a good deal of nonsense and clap-trap. But "Coal and Power" contains no nonsense or clap-trap. There are none of those high-sounding, barren phrases, which conceal the evasion of awkward difficulties; nor is there a trace of the subordination of the requirements of sound policy to considerations of popular appeal. But there is something much more remarkable. The Report owes much to the many recent official investigations into the subjects dealt with, and the policy it outlines is rightly built up on the basis of ideas which have been canvassed for some time, and have stood the test of criticism. But it does not merely sling together the fashionable notions of progressive thought. It welds them into a coherent whole, possessing a fresh inspiration and force, by introducing conceptions which, if not entirely new, have never before received their proper emphasis. We cannot attempt to do more in this article than indicate a few of the leading features of a document which must be read in full to be appreciated, and which deserves to be read many times over by every serious student of public affairs.

The Report is divided into two parts, the first dealing with the organization of the coal-mines, and the latter with electrical development. The starting-point of the former is the proposal, which was endorsed by all the members of the Sankey Commission, for the State acquisition of mineral rights. This would in itself remove the many serious obstacles to the efficient working of the industry, which arise from the present multiplicity of royalty-owners; and the Report adopts the idea, which has been made familiar by Mr. McNair in his "New Way" pamphlet, that the State should make positive use of its position as royalty-owner to promote efficiency. The administration of the mineral rights is to be entrusted to a small expert body of Royalty Commissioners, not less than five nor more than seven in number, who are to hold office under the terms of an Act of Parliament. These Commissioners are to be empowered to revise the terms of existing leases and to grant new ones, provided that "they shall not impose terms to the detriment of existing lessees without compensation," and further, that "a new lease once granted, or an old lease once confirmed or revised by the Commissioners, shall not be subject to revision by them except upon the request of the lessees for a period of, say, thirty years." The Commissioners will thus be able to insist on conditions designed to promote the welfare of the miners, and will also be able to facilitate the amalgamation of existing colliery concerns, wherever this would make for increased efficiency.

But the Report rightly draws a sharp distinction between the "judicious amalgamation" which they think desirable, and which represents essentially the systematic development of a process which is "already at work," and that "unification" of the coal-mines in a single business unit for each district, or even a single unit for the whole country, for which many people falsely suppose that a strong technical case has been made out. Coal-mining is not an industry which is technically suitable for really large-scale operation. Its conditions are not in the main standardized or capable of standardization; they are infinitely varied. The "unit of efficient management" is accordingly not usually a very large one; and any attempt to run the mines of the country as a single concern would lead to far more waste than arises at present from the multi-

licity of unduly small concerns. It is the fact that "unification" is not technically desirable that is the really decisive factor in ruling out nationalization as a practical proposition. The Liberal Committee propose to leave the initiation of amalgamation schemes to the industry, recognizing that where amalgamation is really desirable, some of the mine-owners concerned are likely to be already anxious for it. But at present a movement for amalgamation may fail, either because of difficulties with royalty-owners, or because some of the mine-owners refuse to agree, perhaps out of sheer lack of enterprise, perhaps on sentimental grounds, perhaps in the hope of extorting better terms for themselves. The Royalty Commissioners, under the scheme of the Report, would be able to insist on amalgamation where an application for it had been made, and the case for it had been established by an inquiry.

But it is not with the reorganization of existing coal-mines that the Report is mainly concerned. Perhaps its greatest merit is the emphasis which it lays throughout on what it terms the Progressive Development of New Mines for Old. The closing-down of obsolescent pits and the opening-out of new ones is, as the Committee rightly declare, a "natural" process which has always been at work, which it is foolish to obstruct, which, on the contrary, the State should "aid and accelerate." A large part of the present troubles of the industry arises from the fact that this process was suspended in the war and post-war period, with the result that we are faced to-day with a great accumulation of "poor and ill-equipped pits . . . which should have been closed down long ago." One of the crying needs of the day is, therefore, the development of new pits and new seams at a more rapid rate than prevailed before the war, and this, as the Report points out, is precisely one of those tasks of capital reconstruction peculiarly appropriate to the present economic conditions of stagnant trade, and abundant supplies of capital flowing into the channels of foreign investment for lack of suitable outlets at home. It is round this central objective of the development of new mines for old that all the proposals of the Report are concentrated. The primary function of the Royalty Commissioners is to encourage this development. They are to have powers for the compulsory acquisition of land which will enable them to safeguard the new mining enterprise against having to pay for the land it requires for its multifarious needs, including the housing of its workers, prices swollen simply by the knowledge that the enterprise is to be undertaken. This, incidentally, is by far the best application of the "unearned increment" principle—not to levy a toll on the increment for the Exchequer, but to secure it for the industry which really earns it. In return for these advantages, the Royalty Commissioners are to impose conditions in the lease of a different kind from those which royalty-owners have imposed in the past. They are to insist "that a generous housing scheme is undertaken," and generally to ensure that the new mining village "is a very different thing from the old one."

The Report embodies the abortive proposals of Part II. of the Mining Industry Act, 1920, for the creation of a series of statutory joint committees of miners and employers, pit committees, and a National Mining Council. But again, these proposals are given an entirely new significance by their relation to the central objective of the development of new mines for old. These committees are to be purely consultative; for the Report is rightly insistent that nothing must be done to impair the executive responsibility of those who manage the industry; but is there really a useful rôle, the sceptical person is often disposed to inquire, for an elaborate system of purely consultative committees? That there is a place for pit committees to discuss matters connected with safety, welfare, and the maintenance of output is, indeed, fairly readily admitted. But what, it is asked, are the District Committees and the National Mining Council to discuss which they have not ample facilities for discussing as things are? This Report supplies for the first time a really satisfactory answer. The development of new mines for old is a process which, if it is to yield its full potentialities of solving the present

* "Coal and Power." The Report of an Inquiry presided over by Mr. Lloyd George. Hodder & Stoughton. Pp. 139. Price 1s.

difficulties of the industry, requires the constant and hearty co-operation of the representatives of mine-owners and miners on a regular basis. The primary function of the National Mining Council is accordingly to consider the policy pursued by the Royalty Commissioners.

The second part of the Report contains, perhaps, the best short statement extant of the social possibilities of the development of electrical power, and of the vital importance of substituting for our present almost ludicrously inefficient methods of generation, a system of super-power stations and trunk main transmission. This was, of course, one of the constructive ideas brought into prominence in the national stocktaking during the war, and the determination to realize it was one of the good resolutions of the "reconstruction" period, which faded away before public apathy, financial confusion, and the opposition of a multitude of petty vested interests. If we mean business with electrification one thing is clear. The Electricity Commissioners must be granted the powers for the compulsory acquisition of existing generating stations and transmission lines which the original Bill of 1919 proposed to confer upon them. Beyond this there is room for controversy. Should the State through suitably constituted public bodies, like the District Boards of the 1919 Bill, itself conduct the business of electric generation; or should it confine itself through the Electricity Commissioners to the same sort of supervising, co-ordinating rôle which it is to fulfil through the Royalty Commissioners with regard to the coal-mines? The Liberal Committee decide in favour of the latter alternative. The Electricity Commissioners are to have "full power to employ every practicable means of encouraging and helping electrical undertakers, public or private, who are prepared to establish electrical generating stations of suitable capacity and type." They are to use for this purpose their powers of compulsory acquisition; they are to be in a position to supply the approved undertakings either with a guaranteed market or with financial assistance; while the undertakings on their side are to be subject "to similar, or more stringent, conditions to those imposed upon the railway companies." These proposals are based on the principle that the proper rôle for the State is not to conduct industry but to secure the conditions of its efficient operation. This seems to us sound doctrine, and in practice we believe that we are likely to make more headway with electrical development along these lines than along the lines of State enterprise. At the same time there is not the same technical case against the State running super-power stations that there is against its running coal-mines, since the former are, what the latter are not, a suitable sphere for large-scale operation. If, therefore, the present Government succeed in introducing any plan which promises a substantial electrical development we should not be inclined to oppose it merely because it might propose to make electrical generation the business of the State.

But what an obstacle to progress is likely to come from this singular faith in nationalization as a panacea! It may, or may not, serve to impede the development of electrical power by inducing the Government to rule out any plan based on private enterprise, while shrinking from the responsibility and risk of a huge State scheme. It will almost certainly tend to obstruct in this way an adequate development of motor-roads. What of its effect on the still more serious problem of the coal-mines? To advocate nationalization here means in practice to advocate leaving things indefinitely as they are. For it is utterly out of the question that any Government, within any measurable time, will be able to produce a scheme for nationalizing the mining industry for which it will really be prepared to take responsibility. "Coal and Power" opens out a practicable plan by which the formidable problems which at present keep our coalfields in a chronic condition of unrest and inefficiency might successfully be overcome. Is the door to be banged, barred and bolted upon it at the bidding of a barren formula, in which most of those who mouth it have no real faith?

THE POLICY OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

By J. M. KEYNES.

I.—THE NEW THREAT OF DEFLATION.

IN recent weeks two influential directors of the Bank of England, Sir Charles Addis and Sir Robert Kindersley, and the chairman of the Westminster Bank, Dr. Leaf, have advocated an immediate policy of Deflation with the object of restoring sterling rapidly to its pre-war parity with gold,—thus reversing the policy of Mr. Baldwin's famous "non-flationist" speech of just a year ago, in which he declared that the right policy was to do all in our power to keep prices steady and on a level.

Of these three authorities only Dr. Leaf explained details. His ideas of financial strategy are on the same general lines as M. Poincaré's and would prove about as successful. He believes that the problem of the Exchanges can be solved by a temporary, violent agitation of the speculators. M. Poincaré's remedy for the franc was to cause the bears to rush for cover; Dr. Leaf's remedy for sterling is to excite the bulls to rush into the open. He thinks that to attract floating funds to London and to cause a belief that sterling is going to appreciate will do the trick, without, apparently, other fundamental adjustments. It was alarming to discover the Poincarist mentality in high quarters here, but reassuring to find a little later that Dr. Leaf's light-headedness was not widely shared in the City.

For a few days Dr. Leaf enjoyed a *quasi*-success in the daily newspapers. Mr. Snowden, indeed, still sits on the fence, remarking that he must not "rush in where angels fear to tread," telling a story that "only two men understand the foreign exchanges, of whom one is dead and the other in a lunatic asylum," and declining to be drawn into a discussion; disappointing confessions from a Labour Chancellor of the Exchequer concerning an issue which almost all authorities from the Cunliffe Committee onwards are agreed in regarding as vitally relevant to employment. But in other quarters clear and decided voices were quickly raised in opposition. The Federation of British Industries petitioned the Bank of England to hear the views of industry before acting. The "Big Five," led by the Midland Bank, are believed to have urged caution. The weekly Press (for the division of opinion nowadays on really important issues is often not between parties, but between the daily Press and the weekly Press)—the "Nation," the "Spectator," the "New Leader," and the "New Statesman"—weighed in with unanimous protests.

It is probable that for the time being the deflationist movement is scotched. To embark, indeed, at this time of year and with the present tendencies of employment and sterling prices, on a campaign of rapid deflation to the extent of 10 or 12 per cent. would be a crazy policy. In the early stages the excitement of the bulls might provoke a rapid upward movement. But before the final goal was reached, many other difficult and injurious things would have to come about. Let us consider—for the fortification of our position—four of the broad consequences of raising, deliberately and rapidly, the real value of our monetary standard by 10 per cent.

1. The real burden of the national debt would be raised 10 per cent.,—equivalent to nearly £40,000,000 on to the Budget; for the payment of the fixed money interest on the debt would mean a greater real sacrifice by the taxpayer. This would come about by the revenue

falling along with prices, whilst expenditure for interest charges would be unaltered.

2. Money wages throughout industry would have to be forced down by 10 per cent. This would not mean any reduction in real wages. Nevertheless the disturbance to industrial peace can be easily imagined.

3. If the improvement in the exchange value of sterling were to precede, and move faster than, the adjustment of internal prices, the cost to foreign purchasers of our staple exports, coal, textiles, and goods of iron and steel, would be increased; and the lower prices would have to be enforced by depression and increased unemployment in our export industries.

4. All producers of goods would receive warning that their commodities would (on the average) depreciate in price during the period of production, so that they would be better advised to cease or curtail output for the time being. All prospective purchasers of goods would be told that they would buy cheaper by waiting and withholding their orders. All persons and companies contemplating new capital developments would put off their projects. For the fear of falling prices is bad enough;—the certainty *must* aggravate unemployment and retard productive activity.

A cheerful programme! Is it appropriate to the aspirations of a Labour Government? Would its execution enhance the prestige and the authority of the City? Would the public fall down and worship the gold standard with gratitude and awe?

These results would not follow from a rise of the sterling exchange in itself, if this were brought about slowly by the depreciation of gold,—that is by rising prices in America. But they are the admitted results of a declared programme of forced deflation.

A new theory can never win its way in the field of practical affairs unless it is illuminated by vivid facts and supported by events. Those who subscribe to Price Stability as a deliberate policy are still in a minority; but recent weeks have shown what a weight of popular opinion, when it comes to practice, is thrown on their side.

II.—THE BANK RATE.

The policy of Monetary Control will be done an ill service if we allow the instrument of Bank Rate to become associated in the public mind with the hated policy of Deflation. Sooner or later—and perhaps fairly soon—a higher Bank Rate may be required in order to preserve our position. When that time comes, the Governor of the Bank of England will need all the support he can get. There are always strong natural forces tending towards Inflation. On this occasion Monetary Reformers have had to throw their influence against the fanatics of Deflation, who would like to cut us with knives; next time it may be on the other side—against those who would intoxicate us with Inflation. One has only to look back on Bank Rate policy since the war to see that most harm has been done by not putting up the Bank Rate soon enough.

It would be a serious blunder to raise the Bank Rate now,—and a disastrous one if it was to be interpreted as a first move towards Deflation. But I appreciate the underlying trend of events which is causing responsible authorities to be watching for the time when dearer money will be necessary. I think that they are right to be anxious, and that they should be helped to act promptly when the time comes.

The chief criterion for raising Bank Rate in present circumstances can be explained quite briefly. Internal conditions at the moment—employment, the state of credit, the trend of prices—all favour cheap money. It is not likely in the near future that conditions will develop at home which call for measures of restriction. The danger signals on this occasion must be looked for abroad. If Bank Rate has to be raised, it will be because our financial and economic relations with foreign countries are developing in such a way as to cause later, if they are not checked, a depreciation of the sterling standard.

The extreme cheapness of money in New York is a valuable assistance to us and may save the situation for a time by diverting funds from New York to London. This fact and the great importance of cheap money to the internal situation are powerful reasons for not acting prematurely.

But there are also strong influences working the other way. In spite of abundant funds, New York lends abroad very little, and London remains the chief centre from which the borrowers of the whole world endeavour to draw. Money may be abnormally cheap in New York, but it is abnormally dear in many parts of Europe; and European borrowers are more ready to borrow in sterling than American lenders are to lend in sterling. The Treasury has to purchase large amounts of dollars to meet the American debt, and it is doubtful whether we have yet adjusted our situation to this new burden. We are also reaching a season of the year when the financing of our imports, particularly cotton, is always heavy.

As a result of these influences the sterling-dollar exchange, left to itself, may—probably, not certainly—tend to depreciate. If this movement merely reflected falling dollar prices in America—as in the recent past—there would be no need to complain. But if an adverse movement of the exchanges were to be combined with a tendency of dollar prices to rise, some protective action on our part would be required. Such a contingency is not improbable. It is hard to believe that a few months of very cheap money in the United States will not initiate an upward movement of dollar prices.

The criterion for restrictive action, therefore, is to be looked for in simultaneous tendencies of the sterling exchange to fall and of dollar prices to rise. If this does not happen—and perhaps it won't—no action is needed. If it does happen, the particular method of correction to be employed should be worked out in such a way as to choke off credit to foreign borrowers as much as possible and to trade borrowers at home as little as possible. A situation, in which the external situation points to dear money and the internal situation to cheap money, is inevitably tiresome and difficult to handle. It is a problem of curing a maladjustment of the direction, rather than the amount, of credit, whilst doing as little indirect harm as possible during the process of regaining equilibrium.

From every point of view the only sensible policy, in the interests of the country, is to continue for the present Mr. Baldwin's "non-flationist" policy. This will not prejudice the gold standard question one way or the other. Indeed, a continuance of this policy will probably—by reason of the depreciation of the dollar—bring sterling back to its old parity in due course. It is only then that the controversy between the various monetary schools will really commence as a practical issue. In the meantime the mass of reasonable opinion would like to give trade and industry a chance to prosper, freed alike from the starvation policy of doctrinaire deflationists and from the intoxication policy of shortsighted inflationists.

—ALFRED MARSHALL.

THOSE who never had the good fortune to be his pupils cannot realize the remarkable qualities of Alfred Marshall. The usual adjectives, such as "stimulating" or "brilliant," may be apt, but they fail to express the personal effect which he produced on all who learnt from him. His method was to be at home to pupils several afternoons a week, so that they could ask his advice if they wanted to. The shy undergraduate was shown up into the study—a room with balcony, looking south—and tea was placed on a low stool between him and the professor. The young man asked a question about some point he had not understood in a lecture or a book. The difficulty was often a trivial or foolish one, but the professor treated it with the utmost seriousness, discussed it with the greatest fairness, and led the youth on till he had solved it for himself. This gave the young man confidence; he began to wish to know more; the professor, with remarkable agility, began taking down books from the shelves which the young man would find it advisable to read; and finally, the pupil went off with the firm intention of reading in the next few days more books than he could possibly read in a month or two. Everything was friendly and informal. There was no pretence that economic science was a settled affair—like grammar or algebra—which had to be learnt, not criticized; it was treated as a subject in the course of development. When once Alfred Marshall gave a copy of his famous book to a pupil inscribed "To —, in the hope that in due course he will render this treatise obsolete," this was not a piece of mock modesty, but an insistence on his belief that economics was a growing science, that as yet nothing was to be considered as final. When he spoke at the meeting called to found the British Economic Association he referred to the fact that some persons had expressed the hope that the proposed Association would exert a wholesome influence, and proceeded to say, "That was the one thing which he hoped they would not set themselves to do. Their desire was not to 'exert a wholesome influence' in the sense of setting up a standard of orthodoxy to which all contributors had to conform; economics was a science, and an 'orthodox science' was a contradiction in terms." This catholic policy outlined by Marshall has always been the feature of the "Economic Journal" published by the Association.

It was this scrupulous fairness rather than his learning and critical powers which made such an indelible impression on those he taught. He abstained from polemics as far as possible, but considered all criticisms most carefully and, if he thought them well founded, made appropriate alterations in the successive editions of "The Principles of Economics." His object was not to found a school (for that might lead to "orthodoxy") but to combine all that was true in the two opposing schools represented by Mill, who derived value from cost of production, and Jevons, who derived it from the final degree of utility. Marshall distinguished "long period" from "short period" phenomena, and showed how each school had hit on something important, and that the true theory of value combined something from each school. His mathematical ability enabled him to avoid the fallacious arithmetical arguments used by some writers, while his knowledge of history and actual conditions prevented him from being an abstract theorist. He did not, for instance, despise Ruskin. Very often, in a short paragraph or footnote, he managed to say all that was essential about a point to which other writers would devote one or more chap-

ters. His style was at times rather heavy, because he was so anxious not to make positive statements without the necessary qualifications. His sympathies were with the working classes and the poor, but he never let sentiment interfere with science. Yet perhaps it was sentiment that led him to oppose women's degrees at Cambridge. When he was Principal of University College, Bristol, he had some very able women pupils who lived at their homes; and this, I think, led him to the view that it was better for women to live at home and attend some lectures than to live the (in those days) rather secluded life provided by a women's college. But I remember how, when he was discussing this thorny subject, he suddenly broke off in his argument and said: "But I ought to tell you that my wife does not agree with me." Without his wife he could not have done his work; he suffered from ill health. Mrs. Marshall combined the qualities of a good economist and a most admirable hostess. It was not an easy task to entertain all types, from bishops to working men, and make them all feel equally at ease; to keep the house a centre of interest and yet to see that everything was done to enable the professor to do his work without disturbance.

Like all great men he had some charming weaknesses, such as a delightful smile when he was going to make a joke. He was interested in all the details of life. He was rather fussy. He would explain to ladies how they ought to dust their rooms and what was the best thing for taking out a stain. But he was always sympathetic, encouraging, and eager; his learning never oppressed him; he devoted his life to his work, and a comparison of the state of economics as it was forty years ago with what it is now proves the immense results of that unselfish devotion.

C. P. S.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE feeling in which the Allied Conference met this week at Downing Street was one of hope rather than of confidence. The expectations raised by the French elections have not survived the accumulating evidence that though in office M. Herriot is not in power. He is not the willing voice of the Quai d'Orsay, as M. Poincaré was, but he is very much the prisoner of that powerful and unchanging institution. Much disquiet as to his probable attitude in London was aroused by his declaration in the Senate that France would reserve her "freedom of action" in the event of failure to arrive at an understanding with the Allies and of a German default. This is nothing less than the reassertion of the claim of France to impose her will on Europe in the event of her Allies refusing to adopt her policy. If that is the frame of mind in which M. Herriot approaches his task—not because he wishes to do so, but because he must—the Conference is doomed to failure, and we are back in the fog of the past four years. On such a basis, which would involve the absence of any element of security, there could be no financial assistance forthcoming to Germany, and without that assistance the Dawes scheme would go the way of every other attempt to secure a settlement in Europe, and incidentally reparations for France, for France would be the chief beneficiary of the loans of British and American financiers to Germany. The fate of the Conference and of the Dawes scheme depends on whether France has made up her mind between Reparations and the Ruhr,

and between the League of Nations and reliance on her own military power. Nothing but her obstinate pursuit of two mutually destructive ideas has kept Europe in a turmoil for the past four years, and if the present attempt to find a way out is to share the fate of the Bankers' Conference in Paris, which was torpedoed by M. Poincaré two years ago, we shall have frankly to recognize the fact that France is simply an incendiary Power with whom the discussion of European peace is an idle formality.

* * *

Mr. Asquith performed an invaluable service in anticipating the Conference with the most strongly phrased statement that has yet been made of the policy of the Liberal Party in regard to "guarantees" of security. It is, fortunately, not the policy of the Liberal Party alone. It is the policy of the Government in an equal measure, and also of the wiser element of the Conservative Party. We have renounced "the balance of power," and if there is one statement in regard to the future that can be made with confidence it is that no party will ever again commit this country to the exclusive and excluding military support of any Power or group of Powers. Whatever security we have to give will be given openly under the Covenant of the League of Nations for the preservation of the common peace. The security, whatever it is, offered to France will be offered on equal terms to Germany, and the pact arrived at will be "not partial nor one-sided, not local nor temporary, but applying over the whole range of the Covenant of the League." It is astonishing that this plain statement of what is the policy, not of the Liberal Party only, but of all parties, should be subjected to the grotesque interpretation put upon it in the "Evening Standard," which says that it would commit us impartially to fighting anybody who disturbed the peace. It triumphantly quotes Mr. Bonar Law as writing in 1922 that we "cannot alone act as the policeman of the world," without apparently seeing that Mr. Asquith is simply saying the same thing in other terms. It is precisely because we see the futility of any nation, however good or however powerful, playing the rôle of policeman to the world that we realize that all the nations must co-operate together to preserve the common peace. What does Lord Beaverbrook, who succeeds so completely in misunderstanding the meaning of his old friend, want? Does he want a military understanding with France? Or with Germany? Does he want to restore the balance of power? Or "splendid isolation"? If he is against the League of Nations let us know his alternative.

* * *

The tide of visitors to London, attracted by the Wembley Exhibition, continues to swell, and the streets wear an increasingly holiday air. Leaving aside the invasion from the provinces, which chiefly flows direct to the Exhibition and leaves the Metropolis untouched, much the most conspicuous feature of the tide is the American element. The Atlantic liners making the eastward journey have been packed to their utmost capacity, and a few weeks hence they will be equally packed on the return journey. If the saloon passenger trade could make the companies prosperous they would be reaping an unprecedented harvest, but the saloon passenger is not the chief source of profit, and I gather that there are serious disquiets as to the future of the Atlantic trade owing to the drastic restriction of immigration into the United States. This has reduced the steerage passenger traffic to a *bagatelle*, and as this traffic has been a principal source of profitable income to the com-

panies, they are being heavily hit. I understand that one company has 60,000 emigrants booked for passage, and it is expected that it will be a year before 20,000 of them have succeeded in getting the necessary passports. At Southampton many emigrants have been waiting as much as a year for permission to go, accommodation having been improvised for them in what has become a permanent emigrants' refuge of wooden hutments, appropriately called Atlantic City. Some of the cases of which I have heard seem to suggest a good deal of unreasonable harshness in the administration of the restriction law. Thus, a daughter is refused permission to rejoin her father, who is at work in the States, and has sent the money for her passage. In another case, a girl engaged to be married to a man working in America is unable to join him, although he has sent the money for her first-class passage.

* * *

I congratulate the Workers' Educational Association on their "coming of age," which was celebrated at Oxford last week-end. Founded by Dr. Albert Mansbridge, a man of fine vision, the Association was joined in its early days by many powerful supporters like the late Master of Balliol, the late Canon Barnett, the Bishop of Manchester, Mr. R. H. Tawney, and Mr. J. J. Mallon, the present Warden of Toynbee. It has brought the trade unions and the Labour bodies into close working collaboration with the Board of Education, the universities, and the local education authorities, and has established a great network of educational activity throughout the country. In appointing Mr. Fred Bramley, the General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress, to succeed the Bishop of Manchester in the presidential chair, the Association indicates its intention to strengthen the Labour element in its governing bodies. This policy has been assumed in some quarters to threaten the lowering of the educational standards of the organization, but this fear is quite gratuitous. The Labour movement is fully alive to the fact that an efficient democracy must be an educated democracy, and the more it is realized that the educational impulse is not imposed from without, but springs from within the movement, the more abundant will be the fruits. The W.E.A. has survived its years of tutelage, and very properly celebrates the fact by the assumption of adult responsibilities.

* * *

The South Africans have lost the rubber, and "the subsequent proceedings" will command only our polite interest. The three Test matches have all ended in the decisive defeat of the visitors, and the general impression left on the mind is that the South Africans belong to the county class, and that in that class they would not take a conspicuously high place. The expectation that their relative position would improve with the improvement of the wickets has not been borne out by events, owing to the very moderate quality of their bowling, and the singular tendency to collapse badly in batting in their first innings.

* * *

Owing to my absence from London and my inability to see a proof a mistake crept into my notes a fortnight ago. In Mr. David Lawrence's account of the breach between Woodrow Wilson and Col. House he did not say that Mr. Wilson confronted the latter with a newspaper article which exalted Col. House's rôle at the Peace Conference. It was Mrs. Wilson to whom he attributed this action, and to whom he pointed as the source of the coolness which ended in the rupture of the relations of the two men.

A. G. G.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

"THE STONE OF DESTINY."

WEDNESDAY, JULY 16TH.

THE House of Commons is always at its worst in debates on Foreign Policy. Last Monday formed no exception to the general experience. In all other nations, affected by a possible European settlement—in France, for example, or in Germany—possible arrangements or concessions, involving the minutest detail, which are held to involve the interests or the honour of the people, are discussed in crowded assemblies, argued for or against, reported fully for all the nation to understand. In our elected Assembly, the suggestion of any positive statement or "mandate" is regarded as an indecent joke in a drawing-room. On Monday, in a half-empty, listless gathering, the front-bench speakers cooed to each other in amiable platitudes. Mr. Asquith wished well to Mr. MacDonald, provided some pleasant criticism of the Chequers chaos, and asked some essential questions—such as every Parliament compels its Prime Minister to answer—with the kindly reservation that none should be answered if our Prime Minister thought that they were injurious to the public interest. Mr. Baldwin criticized with a subacid humour more appropriate to the hot weather, asked similar questions, and expressed a similar reservation. Mr. MacDonald thanked Mr. Asquith for his kindness and forbearance, attacked mildly Mr. Baldwin, in an attempt (which fell flat) to cheer up his perplexed and disheartened followers, accepted with gratitude the proposal that to make any positive statement would be against the public interest, and, after occupying the allotted time in suitable and meaningless platitudes, sat down. Small wonder that (as Mr. Asquith quoted) M. Poincaré described British policy as "*absolument impénétrable*."

What is the result? The House has never debated the Dawes Report, and does not know even if it is in favour of it or no. The House has never decided whether it approves of the MacDonald policy at Chequers, of resistance to the complete French policy of force, or of the MacDonald policy at Paris, of complete surrender to the French policy of force. A vague and imaginary American, appointed by no one knows whom, and accepting functions no one knows what, dodged in and out of the debate—a phantom, dolorous figure. For six months the policy of Mr. MacDonald has been to create an atmosphere—which, in practice, has meant sending affectionate messages to M. Poincaré, saying how much he loves him and how much he loves France. In his first positive action in foreign affairs—the memorandum, after Chequers, accompanying the invitation to the London Conference—he fell head-first into the soup, and nearly dragged M. Herriot into it with him. M. Poincaré having successfully asserted his ascendancy over both, the unfortunate MacDonald has now to enter a London Conference, with no guidance from the British Parliament, with the possibility of all his work being denounced or repudiated, with the knowledge that he represents but a minority party, and that in so far as he stands for any policy at all, it is a policy which that party is pledged to the bone to resist. Such situations called out all the delight and ingenuousness of a Lloyd George, who triumphed through a series of about twenty Conferences, always bringing back to his docile followers prospects of agreement and peace which always proved illusory. Whether they will prove equally successful to the man whom Mr. Pringle unkindly called the "Celtic performer," who is his successor, remains doubtful. It would be surely better if the British Elected Assembly were to tell the Prime Minister what policy they wish him to stand for, instead of sending him into a seething cauldron of intrigue.

"... Unhoused, disappointed, unaneled,
With all his imperfections on his head."

Reality only entered the House when it was expected that the debate would "fizzle out," and large numbers of

members (including the Prime Minister) had departed. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, indeed, in one of the best speeches of the day, did slash out at the MacDonald diplomacy, although offering but meagre constructive suggestions. But Captain Wedgwood Benn, speaking with great courage from the Liberal Front Bench to an appreciative but scanty audience of something less than forty, endeavoured to escape from the atmosphere of coagulated treacle in which members found themselves involved. He denounced the Dawes Report. He denounced the policy of committing Britain for forty years to "sanctions" for the Dawes Report. He denounced the French occupation of the Ruhr and our acquiescence in the continued French occupation of the Ruhr. Above all, he denounced the furtive secrecy which enwrapped in damp flannel any positive suggestion for the recovery of civilization. "What is your opinion about the Ruhr occupation?" he asked with some passion. "What is the good of having a Treaty which is to be observed to the letter when it is in our own interests, and which can be flouted when it is considered favourable to our defeated enemy?" "Debate after debate has taken place in an atmosphere of pretence, and we are told if everybody will be quiet and agree everything will be all right. In my view silence is useless if dangers are being incurred." The back-benchers hailed this utterance as the first appearance of reality, and some excellent speeches were made which, unhappily, found no audience, and have not been reported in the newspapers. Labour speakers mainly devoted themselves to their favourite pre-Election theme that the payment of Reparations meant inevitable ruin to those who received them. Mr. A. M. Samuel, in one of his excellent speeches, tore the Dawes Report to pieces as "mere bunkum." Sundry Tories explained that Germany would pay in exports, which we would then exclude by means of tariffs; back-bench Liberals repudiated the Treaty of Versailles; Mr. Pringle endeavoured to cheer up a dead House by aphorisms and insults to which no one had the energy to respond. Commander Kenworthy refused to despair of the Prime Minister because, as he pleasantly added, "I never despair of a man till he is dead." One contrasted this strange concoction with the Foreign Affairs debate in the French Senate a few days before, the packed audiences, the impassioned speakers, the clarity of statement, the determination of outlook. So the two nations go into a conference which is to settle the future of the world.

Things were, however, much brighter on Tuesday, and for some three-quarters of an hour the House enjoyed life. Mr. David Kirkwood had discovered the outrage that not only had the Scottish "Stone of Destiny" been stolen by Edward I. and deposited in Westminster Abbey, but that his Wembley-loving compatriot pilgrims, taking that sacred edifice "in their stride," were compelled to pay sixpence before being permitted to gaze at the sacred relic. Finding the imposition of this outrageous fee outside the control of Parliament, he conceived the brilliant idea of raping the stone itself from its present illegal possessors and depositing it in Holyrood Palace, where, if any fee at all was imposed, it would at least go to the natural owners. To an increasingly exuberant House he passed hastily through the history of the venerable object, from the moment when Jacob slept on it at Bethel "after depriving Esau of his birthright," through its years of quiescence in Ireland, its enthronement as a piece of "good Scottish Red Sandstone" in Scotland, to its infamous theft by the perfidious Edward through a broken treaty which promised its restoration ["A scrap of paper," as Mr. Maxton indignantly observed]. His case seemed irresistible until Lord Apsley countered it with even more commendable knowledge, explaining that the English had only kept it because the Scotch had refused to pay the ransom for James V., and unfortunately, as there was then no Reparations Commission (with or without an American representative), the stone had to represent the "sanction," which otherwise might have been obtained from a Clydeside occupation. He also astonished the House by informing them that he himself at Bethel during the

war had slept on similar lumps of "Scottish Red Sandstone," and that the Scots, so far from being able to claim heirship to Semitic ruins, were really a race of Albanian Greeks. The House, delighted with two excellent speeches, voted for the return of the stone, less perhaps through enthusiasm for the sanctity of treaties than on the general principle that anything imported from Scotland should be returned there as speedily as may be.

And so—some to listen to Mr. Snowden's concessions on the Finance Bill, or to wrangle on Easter offerings, some to honour Mr. Mackenzie Wood's garden party, all with an itch to get away from the actual debate in the Chamber—the long day waned and the slow moon climbed, and the deep moaned round with merry voices.

M.P.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE GOVERNMENT HOUSING BILL.

SIR,—In your recent articles on Housing you suggest that the faults of Mr. Wheatley's Housing Bill are so glaring that it ought to be totally rejected by the Liberal Party. May I be allowed to state my reasons for disagreeing with you?

The Housing Bill does two things: it extends the period of subsidy to fifteen years with the object of securing an increased supply of labour, and it increases the amount of the subsidy with the object of reducing rents.

Successive Ministers of Health for the last five years have realized that the root of the Housing problem was the shortage of skilled labour. Their efforts to secure augmentation have failed so badly that the amount of skilled labour is now actually less than it was three years ago. Mr. Wheatley has achieved one thing of the utmost importance: he has got the Building Trade Unions to agree, on certain conditions, to a great increase in apprenticeship, and to some up-grading of skilled labour. If he really gets one apprentice taken on for every three craftsmen throughout the trade, as promised in the Building Trade report, then we can look forward with reasonable confidence to a solution of the Housing problem. Any Bill which will achieve this result ought to have our warm support.

What are the prospects of success? It is difficult to say. Mr. Wheatley's so-called treaty with the Building Trade consists apparently of the Housing Bill itself, which is supposed to comply with the conditions laid down in the Building Trade report. In fact it quite clearly does not comply fully with these conditions, nor is there any evidence that the Building Trade accept the Bill. If the Bill passes into law in its present form both Parliament and the Building Trade would legally be perfectly free to repudiate the whole thing. But Mr. Wheatley states that this is the best that he can do; that he trusts the Building Trade and that the Building Trade trust him, and that he is quite confident that if we pass his Bill we shall in fact get the apprentices, and therefore get the houses.

It seems to me that, under these circumstances, our right course is clear. We should endeavour to improve the Bill wherever possible by amendments; for instance, we ought to pass an amendment, which has been put down by Mr. Oliver, that if at any time it is shown that the Building Trade have failed to keep their side of the agreement in that the number of apprentices is not one to every three craftsmen, the Minister shall have power to cease paying the whole or any part of the subsidy. We ought to make it quite clear that the responsibility for the success of the scheme rests on the present Government and on the Building Trade, and that, in view of the fact that the treaty was completed by Mr. Wheatley before he submitted it to the House of Commons, we can take no responsibility for it beyond giving him a free hand to carry it out if practicable.

Mr. Wheatley's second proposal is to increase the Chamberlain subsidy from 3s. a week on the rent to a maximum of 4s. 6d. If we are to carry on the Rent Restriction Act, which, under present conditions, is agreed to be necessary, then some subsidy is required to bring down the rents of the new houses to the same level as those of equivalent pre-war houses

In agricultural areas, and possibly in some other parts of the country, the Chamberlain subsidy is inadequate for this purpose. If Mr. Wheatley's proposed subsidy is too great, then the solution surely is to move an amendment to reduce it rather than to reject the Bill.

The Liberal Party was responsible for putting the present Government into office. The Government have, after six months' consideration, introduced their Housing Bill, the most important Bill of the Session. Many of us think that the so-called treaty with the Building Trade is not in a satisfactory form, and that there is a grave danger that it will not produce the needed augmentation of labour. But this Bill gives the only possibility of increasing housing so long as the present Government is in office. If it fails not much harm will be done; if it succeeds in producing even a portion of the extra labour which the Building Trade have promised, it will be an important step towards the solution of the Housing problem. Surely, under these circumstances, the only course for the Liberal Party is, while dissociating themselves from the form of the Bill, to give the Government their chance of showing what they can do.—Yours, &c.,

E. D. SIMON.

ITALY AND SOUTH TYROL.

SIR,—The way in which the Mussolini Government is creating a new Alsace-Lorraine in South Tyrol has been shown up in Mr. Robert Dell's recent articles. It is illustrated by the following, from a reliable source.

A railwayman tells me that "after the men have finished work they have to learn the Italian language from 7 to 8 p.m. If they miss a lesson, they are heavily fined; and if at the end of six months they do not pass the examination, they are dismissed without pension. The Fascists want to force our children to become Italian; but we shall see to it that they will take a bloody revenge for what we are suffering."

Sir Ian Hamilton calls these people, in his recent book, "those quarter of a million Highlanders of the Tyrol, whom they are trying to incorporate, with about as much chance of success as a man has of incorporating a stone in his bladder."

—Yours, &c.,

Birmingham.

JOSEPH STURGE.

THE CHURCH IN THE VILLAGES.

SIR,—The article in your issue of the 5th by the author of previous attacks on the rural clergy will convince only those who were convinced before. He deals in generalizations, but carefully avoids accusing the clergy of definite crimes. He is kind enough to say that there are not many actually *bad* men among them; he even admits in this article that several of them are doing their duty.

It is not apparently their want of education that he complains of; for he holds up to admiration a person who had very little education, but he was too enlightened to be willing to subscribe the Thirty-nine Articles.

If one sets to work to boil down his vague accusations, what they amount to is that the clergyman still holds a certain social position, that he teaches the doctrines set forth by the formularies of his Church, and that, when he gets into the pulpit, it is to preach a sermon, and not to hold a free discussion with the congregation.

With his praise of the rural teachers one is happy to sympathize, but it is possible to admire the teacher without blackening the parson.

It is quite likely that anyone who went into a village looking for material for such articles as these would hear something to his purpose. No one who knows anything of rural life can be ignorant of the fact that gossip—often malicious gossip—plays a great part in their lives. Then the old historic hates between classes and sects have left a legacy of "parson-haters"; many of them unused to country conditions, and anxious to take hold of everything connected with the Church by its worst side.

His defence of the method of his attack on an admirable body of men is not very convincing. Decent people will continue to have their own opinion of anonymous attacks made in such a way that the objects of them cannot bring the offender to book, by forcing him to make particular statements which might be investigated and disproved.—Yours, &c.,

NOT A PARSON.

THE SOCIETY FOR CULTURAL RELATIONS.

SIR,—Your note last week on the Society for Cultural Relations between the British and Russian peoples, formed, you say, for the revival of intellectual intercourse between the two nations, would perhaps meet with wider response, if those invited to join could be shown by those who have already joined how such an intercourse could be carried into effect under existing circumstances.

The first condition needful for intellectual intercourse is surely unfettered thought on both sides. The English people have won the right to that; at least no one is now imprisoned for merely political or religious opinions in this country, nor is there any prohibition of books except on the score of obscenity or indecency, and even that is pretty widely stretched nowadays. Scientific works that might come under that heading are freely circulated, and the result is a healthy broad-mindedness which tests and accepts or rejects on individual proving.

But in Russia there is now an Index Librorum Expurgandorum et Prohibitorum more severely mind-crushing than Cardinal Caraffa's in 1542, for it includes all books on even orthodox religion, as well as the philosophies of Kant, Comte, Mill, Locke, Spencer, some novels of Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Andrieff, &c., as well as many scientific books—including works by Bebel, Marx, Darwin, Schopenhauer, and Kropotkin. The Press—as it is understood here, reporting and criticizing without restraint—does not exist in Russia, for there is a censorship under Madame Lenin which makes many look back to Tzarist times with something of regret. It is not merely "reactionaries" or "imperialists" who decline intercourse with Soviet Russia, there are also many who risked liberty and life in pre-war days to win freedom and happiness for the victims of Russian tyranny. When discussing this Cultural Society with one of its founders the other day it was amazing to find the present tyranny justified on the ground that "the Russian people have always been tyrannized," and, no doubt, have grown accustomed to it as the live eels to skinning.—Yours, &c.,

N. F. DRYHURST.

THE FISHERIES ORGANIZATION SOCIETY.

SIR,—There have been frequent references in your columns to the instances contained in the Linlithgow Report of striking disparities between wholesale and retail prices of certain types of agricultural products. Such disparity is, of course, especially likely to occur with respect to commodities which are rapidly perishable. Perhaps the most extreme cases of all occur not in agricultural produce, but in fish. It is by no means unusual for the retail price of fish to be 300 or 400 per cent. in excess of the price paid to the fishermen. This disparity is partly due, no doubt, to the difficulty of organizing the distribution of a highly perishable commodity, of which the supply is irregular; but that it is also attributable to a considerable extent to the weak bargaining position of the individual fisherman, and the monopolistic powers of a single buyer, or a small ring of buyers, in isolated fishing stations, has been clearly established by the experience of the Fisheries Organization Society during the nine years it has been in existence.

This Society was formed—mainly through the efforts of Stephen Reynolds—in order to assist the inshore fishermen of England and Wales in the adoption of co-operative methods. By unobtrusive propaganda it has already brought forty-five local Fishermen's Co-operative Societies into existence in the smaller fishing stations round our coast. These local societies vary very much in size and character in accordance with the requirements of the places in which they operate—from a powerful society at Brixham, with an annual turnover of £27,000, to village groups like that at Overstrand in Norfolk, where there are only eleven fishermen, all of them members of the local society; but they all have this in common, that they benefit their members by lowering the prices of the things that they buy, and raising the prices which they obtain for their fish. This

result is obtained, not at the expense of the consumer, but by the elimination of middlemen.

In the Annual Report of the Fisheries Organization Society occurs the following passage: "A striking illustration of the successful working of a society established under the present depressed conditions in the industry is that of Beadnell (Northumberland) Fishermen's Co-operative Society. Here is a society representing a combination of nineteen fishermen with five boats. During its first complete year's trading the society's sales amounted to £3,780—£3,575 representing sales of fish, and £205 sales of fishing requirements. . . . The returns obtained by the society were considered to be very satisfactory, and as the result of the adoption of co-operative methods, the catchers were able to secure a considerable increase in the prices obtained for their fish as compared with their earnings under the old system of working. In addition, it is of interest to note that the society has been instrumental in raising the general level of prices paid to catchers in other ports in the vicinity of Beadnell."

It appears to me that the work of the Fisheries Organization Society deserves to be better known. The Society depends for its working expenses upon a grant from the Development Fund and voluntary contributions from fishermen and their friends. Under Treasury pressure for economy, the Development Commissioners have warned the Society that the proportion of its income derived from voluntary sources must be increased, and I hope that those of your readers who take an interest in the welfare of fishermen will join the Society. Full particulars can be obtained from the Secretary at 36, Tavistock Place, W.C.1.—Yours, &c.,

CECIL HARMSWORTH,
President of the Fisheries
Organization Society.

OLYMPIC GAMES.

SIR,—Your contributor Mr. P. J. Baker suggests two reasons why there should have been hostility in England against the Olympic Games: (1) That the Games were regarded as a "faked antique," and (2) that we were afraid our teams would be beaten.

There may be a few people in this country who would subscribe to either or both of these reasons (or excuses), but that they account for the non-participation of this country in the Games is difficult to believe.

There are many sportsmen in this country who are seriously disturbed at the extent to which the highly trained experts are dominating our games. They contend that games are meant for the pleasure and physical and mental development of the players; that any game should be enjoyed by the player as an adjunct to his work or avocation, and not be in any sense an end in itself; that it is better that many should play, even if their play is not so skilful, under the above conditions, than that a few should play brilliantly at the Olympic Games.

This, I suggest, is a more probable reason why the people of this country look upon the Olympic Games not with hostility (that is Mr. Baker's expression), but with a feeling that we are better out: that participation would only encourage the highly trained expert, and therefore not be in the best interest of our games.—Yours, &c.,

G. C. R.

Newcastle-on-Tyne, July 15th, 1924

DISCOVERING A POET.

SIR,—Your issue of June 7th reaches me *en voyage*, and in the moment's leisure of transit one appreciates leisurely things. To the modern business man poetry seems an impossible thing. To the new generation of cinema-goers the criticism of new poetry seems a joke. Mr. Garnett's review entitled "A South African Poet" reminds us that poetry

exists and its criticism is just now more important than ever.

As I know neither poet, critic, nor publisher, I suppose I may be allowed to praise all three. Mr. Garnett quotes at length, so that one knows what he is talking about. This new poem called "The Flaming Terrapin" evidently is full of flames. Evidently it is very faulty. But because it has the *cachet* of genius you pick it up and place it before your world of grave readers as news worth notice.

That is what I venture to applaud. Criticism, especially that of the older magazines, has lapsed largely to the perfunctory or paid. We are regaled with ancient lights of polite appreciation for obsolete antiquities of the Victorian or Augustan eras. One feels behind such jaded notices the push of the potent publisher or "you-scratch-my-back-and-I'll-scratch-yours" of the petty period of log-rolling.

Few of the older critics seem to realize that *belles lettres* and imaginative literature are at this moment staggering to their fall before the onset of a more clamorous sort of amusement. The novel, for instance, one might regard as an entirely obsolete survival. The rescue of a poem like "The Flaming Terrapin" from obscurity seems a fine effort to recognize without reluctance the unscholarly but vivid outburst of a young man who possesses an exuberant imagination and, as Mr. Garnett says, a magnificent audacity, which is the sort of thing we want in these unconventional days.—Yours &c.,

M.

MOTOR-BUS IN SOUTHERN ANNAM.

By STELLA BENSON.

THE 'bus started before daylight from the Post Office at Tourane. The big Annamite driver, whose face was as fat and flat and whose shoulders were as massive as a negro's, shouted as he threw the mailbags on to the roof of the 'bus with his strong arms. The little mechanic was on the roof doing the subtler work of stacking and securing the mailbags; to him fell all the abuse. Through all the noise of loading, the one native passenger, a woman, slept on the seat of the 'bus, her great straw hat covering almost her whole crumpled body. I travelled first class. I sat between the driver and the little mechanic on the front seat.

We roared out of Tourane as daylight began to make the lights look accidental. All the naked brown babies of the town came out to see us go, their silver amulets bouncing against their little pot-bellies. A yelling woman ran out and saved a puppy almost from under our wheels. This was presumably because the puppy would make good eating, not—alas!—good loving.

The driver bent his great shoulders over and round his wheel with an enveloping look of attention, as a very hungry man bends over his plate. But as more and more native passengers entered the 'bus and the sleeping woman had to sit up and converse, the talk of the passengers gradually broke into the driver's sanctuary of concentration, and he had to turn to exhort, correct, or applaud the talkers.

"Chauffeur, attention . . . tu vas écraser un chien. . ."

"Madame, toi pas avoir peur."

The road was very flat and slightly dyked above the land. The distant line of the sea, sharp and metallic as a knife, cut between the ragged plumes of the eastward trees. And sometimes the forsaken salt lakes of the sea ran up to the left ditch of the road and the ricey marshes to the right, so that water on all sides caught the sun. The marshes had a bloom of very young rice, as soft on the water as down is on a young boy's chin. Where there was no rice, slender starry lilies grew. But to the

left, on the salt water, there was no bloom but the shadows of clouds sailing between dune and dune.

Outside Postes-Télégraphes in each village a thin, flaccid sack of mail waited in charge of a native postmaster dressed in a lily-white robe. The big 'bus-driver wore the blue overalls of America and spiritual conquest, and he had an imperial manner with postmasters. His great baritone quelled their thin tenors as he thrust gossip from other villages upon them. The little mechanic meanwhile climbed continually up on to the roof and down again in industrious silence. At one village the 'bus stopped for a long time, delayed by interest in a domestic crisis. A man, two or three of his friends, and a selection from his mothers-in-law were beating the man's wife. It looked like a game, flat, awkward hands were flapping the air inefficiently about the young woman's shoulders and arms. She was terrified; she uttered thick, appalling screams even when no hand actually touched her; she threw her arms about like a madwoman and span and ran and fell against the walls of the yard. Everyone in the 'bus was much amused. The assembled pedestrians showed an honest local pride in their spectacle, which they felt was making a good impression on us haughty aliens from other villages. Even when the young woman sank to the ground, still shrieking, and lay writhing while one old mother-in-law made ranting gestures and cries over her body, the 'bus could not at once bring itself to move away. The driver was shaking with amusement. But duty is duty even in Annam—at any rate, in the long run—and when one carries the Colonial mail one cannot too long linger over roadside delights.

All the native passengers talked at once. No man, it seems, is a stranger to his fellows in Annam, be his village never so remote. A cock crowed, men and women cleared throats and spat red betel juice; our comedian had a very witty way of spitting. There is a comedian in every 'bus all the world over, and ours was a thin, crooked old man with a grey chignon drooping below his black turban. However loud the general conversation might be, everyone had attention to spare for the comedian whenever he spoke, and everyone laughed. (Annamite women, who enamel their teeth black to show their virtue, look like frogs when they laugh.) Everyone, too, showed a devoted interest in the affairs of a very old man in a stiff purple cotton robe who did not seem to know where he was going. Often he thought he had arrived, and a concerted roar from his helpful neighbours stopped the 'bus, but each time the old man dribbled, mumbled, and heaved himself like an uneasy sleeper, giving us to understand that the alarm was a false one. No one got tired of helping him.

The little mechanic crawled about the outside of the rattling, leaping 'bus like a lizard round a wall. A passenger's fare was reckoned in consultation with the next stone kilometre-mark passed after his entrance. Passengers sat chattering on tenterhooks, their coppers chinking in their hands, while the little mechanic, one precarious foot on a mudguard and the other on a door-handle, waved in the wind outside the rushing 'bus, watching for the stone sign. And when the figure was announced a hoarse clamour of protest always accompanied the payment of the fare.

Two smart passengers inserted themselves into the first class between the mechanic and me. Both wore black flowered gauze, one over a green robe and the other over a white one; their trousers were dazzling white, their clogs were decorated with coloured beads, their black turbans were coiled with incredible neatness. They were obviously first-class passengers to the core, and not conceivably to be herded with the hay-trusses, dried

fish, upside-down hens, and straw- and cotton-clad travellers behind. Yet each of the two bowed himself to the dust, clasping his stomach, and said, "Madame, toi excuser . . ." before presuming to sling his luggage on to my proud imperial feet.

At Quang-Ngai the 'bus stopped for luncheon at an Annamite inn.

"Chauffeur, toi pas partir sans moi—bien sûr."

"Madame, toi pas avoir peur. . . ."

The flies in the inn were callous to rebuff; in millions they stood impartially on me, on three good-hearted but diseased dogs, on a couple of pigs under the dining-table, on the half-bald hens that followed the waiters in and out, on the sardines on my plate. The starved dogs, on whose protruding ribs the patches of mange were stretched taut, tried to climb on to my lap. They implied that the inn had never entertained so complaisant a guest; it seemed to them incredible that they should be actually encouraged to eat the whole of the flyblown déjeuner. The sound of the flies in the strong heat during the two hours' breathing space was like a horn played by one who never paused to draw breath.

The form of the driver, hunched flatly over the wheel, reappeared as graciously as the form of a long-lost friend. "Moi pas oublier madame."

The road swung up and down low hills now. Sections of sunny sea were dovetailed into the ends of green valleys.

And oh, I shall never forget one sheeny palmy valley that glittered as gaily as the sea. The whole valley was starred with palms, and every leaf of every palm juggled with a sword of sunlight. The pale, pearly-green coconuts clung round the thin necks of the palms, close under their funny shock heads. We passengers drank cool bubbly coconut milk from the shell while the 'bus collected the mails from a big straw-thatched village that smelt of pigs and glowed with orchids and banana-flowers.

A pretty woman passenger caught the 'bus there, running on tuned clogs, ding—dong, ding—dong. . . . She wore an orange robe, and her great tray hat was tied down to the top of her turban with red ribbons that fluttered under her chin. She was committed to the driver's care by her husband, a fat, red man in a French khaki suit. She bowed to him and wrung her hands in his direction as the 'bus started, but round the corner a pretty young man ran beside us and threw a flower and a note, which she caught adroitly in her outstretched hat. She laughed, showing all her shiny black teeth, when she read the note, but she let the flower fall.

The hills sprang higher and higher; the driver crouched more exclusively over his wheel as the road looped itself round the cones of the hills. New valleys, new spaces, new seas were flung in front of us and behind us as we turned and turned. The sun fell low and dyed the hills yellow, but it could not stain the whiteness of the sand-dunes which crouched, striped with sparse grey grass, between the hills and the sea.

On the hills were steepled red sandstone shrines, each shrine very solitary on a bleak summit, each shrine fretted with carvings that now only served as roothold for the creepers and the little wind-blown shrubs. China's peaceful horizontal lines were at last forgotten; here were the "pineapple" outlines of the south, the cramped peaks and pointings, the encrusted subtleties of India.

"Chauffeur, toi savoir quel homme batir ces pagodes-là?"

"Moi pas moyen savoir, madame. Tout le monde pas moyen savoir. Tout ça beaucoup vieux. Tout ça tout fini. . . ."

"PUJU."

By ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

"It is only the first plunge," Sheila said to herself. That first plunge—getting out on to the platform in the grey cold morning. Does anyone who talks of dawn know what it means? Not a shimmering, opalescent hour, still with the silence of unawakened birds, mysteriously curtained in suspense—but a bleak hour of unlit daylight, a cold, logical defeat of darkness—starless, moonless, sunless.

As she got out of the train, she thought, "How I hate these moments when the world is not revealed but exposed!"

"My nose must look very shiny," she added to herself.

"What an unwelcoming house!" she thought.

Even her butler—her very own beloved butler—looked as if he had, after all, risen too early to rise to an occasion.

Some of the curtains had been left drawn. Everywhere the half-light seemed a form of half-mourning.

At dawn you feel as if you had gone on to the stage without any grease-paint.

Can it be that life is an oversight?

After her hot bath and her hot coffee, with the daylight becoming once more white and non-existent, she felt a little better—

"I shall be glad to see the black winter trees and the white skeletons of trees like forgotten coral reefs. I shall be glad to sit in the banqueting-hall in front of the huge fire, and hear Casimir say, 'Nothing will keep this room warm in winter.' I shall like to know that five yards away from myself I can freeze."

Then—much more softly—as if she were beginning to think not of compensations but of joys, she said to herself, "There is Ethel."

"It is just as well we sent the children to Switzerland," Casimir said—

"Much better."

"Cicely can't stand this climate, and it is such fun for Alan."

"Such fun."

He looked at her with a half-smiling, half-bitter recognition of the things she did for him—the things that he hated to accept and that he couldn't do without.

"Mürren is so very sunny, and you love the sun," he muttered a little savagely—"You are making all the sacrifices."

"Nonsense," she retorted lightly—"The children have got their fun, and I have got you."

"Inevitably"—he never could help digging about among her unhappinesses.

Then he smiled.

"You have got Puju," he said.

Puju was her beloved setter—his coat made of uncurled white ostrich feathers with dim black hairs which had been quite snowed under.

"And Ethel," she said.

He went up to her and put his hands on her shoulders—

"I am glad you have got Ethel."

Perhaps it was an *amende honorable*—perhaps he wanted to tell himself that he could afford to be glad of all her pleasures.

She was holding out her hands to the fire—her fingers fluttering a little like leaves. "I must thaw my blue nose," she said.

Puju lay half-asleep, gleaming orange in the fire-light.

Sheila's dark red head looked as if a furnace were burning inside it.

"There are too many things to talk about," Ethel pronounced.

Sheila murmured, "It doesn't work like that. If I can say 'I have got a new gold thimble,' everything will be all right, because then the big things will be able to stretch themselves slowly like yawns—but if I have to tell you important things, then I shan't be delivering accounts to you, but accountings."

"It is winter," Ethel said. "We have so many Arabian evenings in front of us."

Sheila smiled, "Long evenings that we can stretch like concertinas. Isn't it horrible to think that one may want to push one's concertina back again?"

They sat and talked, but, in spite of everything, on that first afternoon facts appeared and demanded attention, amplification, recognition.

There were things that Sheila wanted to know, to put them aside and get rid of them, but Ethel exacted information as if she were levying a tax on Sheila's life—not out of interest, but in an obscure desire to possess something.

"I want to talk to you about everything," Sheila said—to try and nail herself down.

Always before, she had gurgled and spluttered and toppled things into Ethel's lap in a glorious mess of muddled, unchoosing intimacy.

But to-day she said to herself: "I must tell Ethel about Mark, or she will be hurt."

"I must tell." Isn't that the first breach of confidence, the first denial of trust?

They talked a great deal, with never a pause.

Occasionally Ethel said that she "quite understood" something that Sheila had done, and Sheila felt a little shiver at this determined testimonial.

At last she got up—she had stayed longer than usual.

Puju shook himself—he flamed in the firelight. Ethel patted him.

"Puju is getting old," she said.

It was quite dark as Sheila drove home; the road was clogged with banks of thick white mist rolling up like an angry but powerless sea, as if in the middle of a storm each wave had been becalmed—a white ghost sea.

Puju's head was on her lap; occasionally his tail would rise and fall slowly, making a little thud of joy.

"Did you have a grand gossip?" Casimir asked.

"A grand gossip."

"How cold you are!"

"So is Puju. Do you think Puju was glad to see us?"

"You baby, Puju was overjoyed."

"But if one is only a smell, Puju might get tired of us, just as I get tired of César Franck and strawberry ice."

"One isn't just a smell, I don't expect."

She looked at him.

"Casimir, do you think that we are to animals what they are to us? Something absolute which they can't even spoil themselves?"

"I think so. A love beyond the weakness of psychological undermining."

He looked at Puju.

"Puju's in fine fettle," he said, "he looks younger and better than I've ever seen him."

He felt her arms round his neck, and her wet, cold cheek pressed against his.

"Casimir," she said, "I do love you."

THE DRAMA

THE DISADVANTAGES OF BEING CLEVER.

Everyman Theatre: "Getting Married."

By G. Bernard Shaw.

THERE is a class of person, of which the mother of Mr. Edmund Gosse was apparently a perfect specimen, that may be styled "inhibited artists." Such persons are endowed by the gods with a remarkable talent which, for some reason or other, their conscience bids them suppress. After reseeing "Getting Married," it is difficult to avoid the suspicion that Mr. Shaw, too, is a member of this corporation. He has, indeed, stated so himself. In his introduction to "Plays Unpleasant," he remarks with perfect truth: "Not that I lacked the dramatist's gifts. As far as that is concerned, I have encountered no limit but my own laziness to my power of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places, and finding pretexts for theatrical scenes between them." But Mr. Shaw was delighted with the success of "Widowers' Houses," not because it revealed him as the most gifted English dramatist since Goldsmith, but because it annoyed the Primrose League and made him popular with the Fabian Society.

From "Widowers' Houses" onwards, Mr. Shaw has tried to content himself with annoying the Primrose League. He has not been successful, it goes without saying. Art will out, even in an Ulster Protestant, as a series of delightful plays bear witness. Still, Mr. Shaw hankers after being a critic, a commentator, a clergyman, a private soldier—in fact, in the tiresome army of the opinionated. But the misfortune of a preacher is that the better he preaches, the more quickly he ceases to be interesting, as other people imbibe his teaching and spread it far and wide.

"Getting Married" seems to me an admirable example of how quickly clever preaching can become *démodé*. When "Getting Married" was first produced, it all appeared so bold and brilliant and daring. All the stupid people were white with horror, and all the clever people once more applauded their prophet to the skies. But then the stupid people got to work, collared the author's arguments, restated them rather worse, and pushed them rather further, till Mr. Shaw's pet paradoxes can now be read in the correspondence columns of the "Daily Mirror." Granted society benefits from such discussions in the "Daily Mirror," Mr. Shaw has certainly justified his existence. But the effect on his play is disastrous. For "Getting Married" is occupied less with personal relations than the institution of marriage, and, to put it crudely, that subject has become boring, owing to the amount we have heard about it. Here Mr. Shaw has most completely refused to be content with his peculiar gift of conjuring up imaginary people in imaginary places, and finding pretexts for theatrical scenes between them. These theatrical scenes exist—the love passage, for instance, between Hotchkiss and Mrs. George Collins, which is extremely exciting, and illustrates at its best Mr. Shaw's curious attitude to love. But these moments are too rare. We look at a play with our eyes, as well as listen to it with our ears. Hence "Getting Married" becomes tiresome with its immobility. We long for some little pandering to our weaknesses, for a change of scene, for some more violent movement of the characters, even for some old-fashioned climax. The same people sitting, talking in the same positions, give us a headache. No doubt this revival suffered from disadvantages. It was so appallingly hot in the theatre that fatigue was almost inevitable. Further, though the production was good enough, and Mr. MacDermott had designed quite a pretty setting, much of the acting was rather lifeless. So very little was done for the actors by the author that a tremendous strain was put on them, if they were to fill out their parts, and this they were not always able to do. When Mr. Hotchkiss (Mr. Claud Rains) and Mrs. George Collins (Miss Evans) were acting, the scene became much more lively and the stage properly occupied. At other times, we merely seemed to be assisting at a rather tedious tea-party.

The fact that the conversation often fails to grip us is, in its way, a tribute to the intelligence of the author. Mr. Shaw always avoids, at any rate at the moment of writing, the charge of banality. We always know that he is clever. But no one has ever felt

that Shakespeare, at his best, was clever. On the contrary, the great artist avoids appearing clever—it is his province to express perfectly commonplace sentiments in the best possible language:—

"The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns."

"Thus conscience does make cowards of us all."

"Not poppy nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
That thou owedst yesterday."

Such lines are merely the apotheosis of the commonplace, and represent our deepest natures, which are essentially commonplace. Witty comment also has a function, but merely a passing one, because comments are chameleons, which take on the colour of their surroundings. But Mr. Shaw is more than clever. On occasion he will contrive a character like Mrs. Knox, whom we feel to represent the eternal verities. But "Getting Married" is all witty comment, and the Fabian Society's—

"funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables"
FRANCIS BIRRELL.

ARCHITECTURE

THE GOTHIC REVIVAL AND LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

AFTER years of anxious archaeology a few "gothic men" achieved a mastery over medieval forms which set them free to explore. Bentley had been a devout revivalist for years before he began the problem of Westminster Cathedral, and the two phases, his scholarship and his art, are reflected in the outside and the inside of that building. Bodley, the second Gilbert Scott, his pupil Temple Moore, Mr. Walter Tapper, are the names of great and original artists who possessed and used in an exquisite retirement the positive fruits of a movement which had caused so much chaos. They had at their fingers' ends a language of form rooted in the national climate and character, much more complex and varied than the common classic scale, and scarcely developed in respect of the broader emotional effects. The present Mr. Gilbert Scott, grandson of the restorer, in the interval between his first and final design for Liverpool Cathedral has explored some of these broader effects to good purpose. Mr. Scott's first or winning design had a west "front" and a gabled flank to the river, with twin towers over the transepts. The qualities which had won the admiration of the assessors, Bodley and Norman Shaw, were the strength and scale of the general massing rather than any marked originality of plan. The assessors had a difficult task. Mr. Tapper's design, placed second, had a special fitness for the site—a conspicuous sandstone rise, once used as a quarry, running north and south, parallel to the Mersey, and overlooking the riverside populations of Mersey and Dee. Mr. Tapper had placed on this site a huge gothic ridge without towers, resembling a longer King's College Chapel with a choir slightly stepped down at one end, and at the other an arched west porch on the scale of Peterborough. In this great design Henry VII.'s orderly Perpendicular seemed to have reached its apotheosis. How could Scott rival its appropriateness to this particular site, on which the "flank" rather than the "end" of any building must constitute the grand aspect? He did so by developing the æsthetic of the English central tower. Apart from all archaeology each of our cathedrals is a school in the designing of masses. While the development of the French cathedral has been artistically the development of a single circular-ended hall butted against a massive west-end having twin towers, the development of the English cathedral has been a variation upon a series of groups. The English art of the group can be studied in Salisbury and Lincoln, in some of the great Norfolk churches, and in the plans, though less often in the embodiments, of Elizabethan houses. The tower, that is to say the vertical mass con-

trasted with the horizontal, is the characteristic design in all these examples. The existence of the large central tower in the English cathedral church has always involved an inherent dominance of the flank over the end. This dominance is reflected in the English cathedral plans with their double pairs of transepts. Salisbury is famous for its side view dominated by the large central tower. Mr. Scott has instinctively taken these essential English elements and reformed them. The plan of Salisbury $\rightarrow - \vdash$, has become $\rightarrow - \vdash$. The result is that at Liverpool the central tower is now the focus of the design buttressed on each side by a pair of transepts; a choir on one side is balanced by a nave nearly equal in length on the other. The masses therefore are roughly symmetrical. A flight of steps of enormous width, leading up between the transepts on the river side to the main entrance, gives further emphasis to this the chief axis of the building, and helps to convert a flank into a front. The ridge of nave and choir extends on each side of the tower, unbroken and emphatic, unlike the original design.

So far only the eastern wing of the cathedral is built; but when the whole plan is complete it will have the unity which byzantine and renaissance cathedral builders both sought for. Michelangelo and Wren sought it in vain. The "basilican" or French cathedral tradition of the single long hall was too strong for them, although they made many free designs. It has been left for a gothic revival architect to achieve this unity by the development of an English medieval tradition generally ignored. He has found in the æsthetic of the tower the solution he required.

Scott's plastic method is to model and quarry rather than construct and engrave. His little church in Derby Lane, Liverpool, can be studied as a first sketch for the cathedral. But this plastic method is legitimate enough for English gothic where the unit of mass is large. The flying buttress with its emphasis on construction has never had the same value in England as in France. The interior of the new choir, huge in size and unfamiliar in its simplicity, shows well the concavity of effect which characterizes his method. The necessary impersonality for a work of art on so large a scale has in the main been achieved. But a medievalist of the old school might exclaim: "This symmetry and lack of emphasis on construction is not 'gothic' at all." But such obviously is not Mr. Scott's opinion. Styles are only ranges of values in form, and they are for those who can use them. With the necessary knowledge gothic is a scale delicate and powerful and possessed of a range wider than any other. Its absence of finality fits it specially for the expression of religious emotion, but gothic is not the only language which can be used for that purpose. There are religious values in renaissance, but they are limited. The artist is free to choose that which best suits his ideas.

HOPE BAGENAL.

POETRY

FOR A DEWDROP.

SMALL shining drop, no lady's ring
Holds so beautiful a thing.
At sun-up in the early air
The sweetness of the world you snare.
Within your little mirror lie
The green grass and the winged fly,
The lowest flower, the tallest tree
In your crystal I can see,
Why, in your tiny globe you hold
The sun himself, a midge of gold.
It makes me wonder if the world
In which so many things are curled,
The world which all men real call,
Is not the real world at all,
But just a drop of dew instead
Swinging on a spider's thread.

ELEANOR FARJEON.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

MR. SHAW'S "SAINT JOAN."

TO read Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan" (Heinemann, 6s.) and his preface to it is to see more clearly than ever before what a law unto himself he is. He refuses to grow old, and at a time of life when the minds of most men have closed tight upon their prejudices and delusions like a barnacle upon a rock, he goes on every day becoming wiser and wiser, more and more mentally agile. But it is not only in wisdom and charity that he increases; every year he seems to become a better writer and a greater dramatist. "Heartbreak House," "Back to Methuselah," and "Saint Joan" are, I think, the greatest of his plays, and, though I have my own personal preference for the first of these, I would not quarrel with anyone who gave the highest place to one of the other two. "Saint Joan" is certainly a great play; now that it is printed with Mr. Shaw's prologue as a preface, it is the only new book read by me in the last twelve months (with the exception of Mr. Forster's "A Passage to India") which has any permanent value.

Mr. Shaw seems to me the most misunderstood writer of our time, and not least by his admirers. I am told that the younger (or, perhaps, youngest) generation can see nothing in him. Though I think them completely wrong, I can at least understand their view. It is the ordinary human reaction against a creditor. An intelligent young man or woman of twenty-four to-day owes intellectually more to Mr. Shaw than to any other English writer, or indeed to any other Englishman or Irishman who has lived during the last one hundred years. He or she may never have seen one of his plays, never have read one of his books; but in so far as they think and live more sensibly and freely than their grandparents, they are very largely Mr. Shaw's creations. They owe so much to him that naturally they react against him. I wrote the other day that Erasmus was a really civilized man. Mr. Shaw has the same rare quality, and just as for a moment there seemed a possibility that Erasmus might civilize Europe in the fifteenth century, so it seemed momentarily possible that Mr. Shaw might civilize Britain in the twentieth. They had to start the Peasant War, the Religious Wars, and the Thirty Years' War, in order to checkmate Erasmus; it required the Great War to remove the danger to barbarism which threatened in Mr. Shaw.

I can, as I say, understand this reaction of the young. They see the world through spectacles which—though they do not know it—have been coloured for them by Mr. Shaw, and when, with these spectacles on their little noses, they read Mr. Shaw's plays, they can see nothing in them. But the misunderstanding of his older critics and admirers seems to be more persistent and more inexplicable. The highest praise is usually given to him for wit or brilliancy, for paradox or a kind of genius for making jokes. All these qualities can, no doubt, be found in his writings, just as, if you read "Hamlet," you will find an efficient and effective ghost in it. But the ghostliness of Shakespeare's ghost is not the "point" in "Hamlet," nor is wit, brilliancy, or paradox the "point" in "Saint Joan." It is true that, in the case of "Saint Joan," some critics whom I have read have gone to the opposite extreme and called it a

"Chronicle Play." Misunderstanding could hardly go further or deeper. You might just as well call "King Lear" or Pirandello's "Henry IV." a Chronicle Play. Mr. Drinkwater's "Oliver Cromwell" was a Chronicle Play because it attempted to reconstruct upon the stage historical episodes as nearly as possible in the form in which they took place; even if the Epilogue to "Saint Joan" had never been written, it would have been clear that this was precisely what Mr. Shaw was not trying to do; with the Epilogue, "Saint Joan" stares one in the face as the antithesis of a Chronicle Play.

Another school of Mr. Shaw's admirers may sometimes be heard complaining that, despite his wit and brilliancy, his plays are not plays, but arguments, his characters not human beings, but Mr. Shaw's own dissertations ingeniously materialized by him. After "Saint Joan," I cannot understand how anyone who is unprejudiced can maintain this view, though it may have some truth in it with regard to the early plays. "Saint Joan," it is true, is a play about ideas; it keeps you thinking all the time, not merely about personal relations and the (apparently) eternal problems of A + B + A's wife or a + b + a's husband, but about society, politics, religion, metaphysics. Now it is a great relief to find a very intelligent man writing plays at all; when, as in Mr. Shaw's case, he writes about intelligent subjects, like society, politics, and metaphysics, relief and surprise are so great that one is apt to be hypnotized by the ideas and arguments of the play, and to give too little attention to the persons. But there is no excuse for doing this with "Saint Joan," and, if anyone does, the fault is not with the play or with Mr. Shaw, but with the reader. Mr. Shaw himself says that "the prose of Joan's career" is to be found in his preface, while "the romance of her rise, the tragedy of her execution, and the comedy of the attempts of posterity to make amends for that execution" are to be found in his play. The claim seems to me to be eminently justified by the play itself. Joan, Dunois, Charles, Cauchon, the Inquisitor are all live people, and the romance and tragedy are poignantly brought out in the play, and the high comedy in the epilogue. But the romance, tragedy, and comedy are not those of futile little lives of futile little people jerked upon the strings of their private little passions. If Joan and the Inquisitor are marionettes in the sense that all of us living people are marionettes, the strings which made them cut their tragic or comic capers are shown by Mr. Shaw to be large ideas and passions which have had, and still have, a deep influence upon the destiny of the human race. In other words, the background of his play and his characters is intellectual and, in a sense, universal. That does not convert his characters into sermons or arguments, and is itself, I think, one reason why his play is a work of art.

I wish I had left myself space to say something adequate about the Preface. It is a work of extraordinary insight, intelligence, and wisdom. Mr. Shaw, like Erasmus, is always on the right side, but there have been moments when I doubted it (e.g., in the vaccination controversy), and still more when I thought he was giving wrong reasons for right opinions. But his wisdom is so great now that I would hardly dare to disagree with him on any question.

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

ALLEGED MILTON STANZAS.

Some Newly Discovered Stanzas written by John Milton on Engraved Scenes illustrating Ovid's "Metamorphoses." Revised and Reprinted with many additional Notes by HUGH C. H. CANDY, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.), Member of the Bibliographical Society. (Nisbet. 7s. 6d.)

32. BATTUS TURN'D IN TO A STONE.

"Mercurie stealing cattell did them hide
No one excepting Battus had him spied
To whom he gaue a bullocke faire and young
To make th' old couitious rascall hold his tongue
Mercurie changeing shape aske't him straightway
If that he saw any cattell stole away
And he'de giue him two bullocks, straightwayes then
Old Battus seeing profet turn'd agen
And show'd him how and which way they were gon
But whilst he spake he turn'd him to a stone."

MUCH in the style of "Comus" and "Paradise Lost," is it not? The above lines form one of about 170 stanzas written in a seventeenth-century hand on the blank pages of an early illustrated book containing four-line quotations from Ovid's "Metamorphoses." Mr. Candy believes that these MS. paraphrases were written by Milton about the year 1623, when the poet was fourteen. The attribution to Milton is supported by a great mass of "evidence," in the proportion of about five pages of commentary to one of text; indeed, in order to save space the modest editor has been compelled to print what he thinks is Milton's text in smaller type than the commentary. Mr. Candy sees in these stanzas, of which the lines quoted above are a very fair specimen, "a juvenile work of which no one—not even Milton—need be ashamed"; he finds in them "perfection and variety of rhythm" (i.e., "And he'de giue him two bullocks, straightwayes then"), "a singular blending of gravity and grace," and he "does not affect to doubt" that these stanzas "will ultimately be included in his [Milton's] collected poems."

Mr. Candy's "evidence" is of two sorts; a comparison of handwriting and a comparison of style. Both are perilous grounds to build upon, and should be examined with scrupulous impartiality, if the evidence erected from them is to find acceptance. Mr. Candy is not impartial; he is an ardent partisan in favour of Milton's authorship. His book is an elaborate mass of far-fetched special pleadings; his arguments are so laboured and disingenuous that they alone would arouse the suspicions of any disinterested person. The handwriting evidence cannot possibly be discussed in a brief article; it is a matter for experts, and everyone knows how experts disagree in such cases. The script reproduced by Mr. Candy might have some resemblance to Milton's handwriting and still not carry conviction; the similarity might, for instance, be the result of some common method of calligraphy, just as most American women of a certain generation write back-hand.

The "evidence" in Mr. Candy's commentary is trivial and unconvincing. Take the bulk of his remarks on stanza 32 (quoted above), as an instance; the arguments there advanced are no better and no worse than the rest:—

"1. 1: *cattell*. So spelt by Milton in T. 21, 53 and 23, 53, and sometimes in the printed text, e.g., 'Icon,' 220, &c.

"1. 3: Cf. 'Bullock, lamb or Kid' (P.L., XII. 20). '... fair and good' is line-ending of P.L., IX. 605.

"1. 5: *changeing shape*. Cf. P.L., X. 333-4:

... and *changing shape*
To observe the sequel, saw his *guileful act*.

So Satan:

... coasts to *change* his proper *shape*

before accosting Uriel (P.L., III. 634).

"1. 6: *stole*, for *stolen*: so also in P.L., IV. 719, and 'Comus,' 195."

From a huge conglomeration of irrelevant "evidence" of this kind, Mr. Candy asks the world to decide that these stanzas are Milton's. But these are the commonest words and variations in spelling; every one of them could be found in nearly any Elizabethan or Jacobean poet. One might almost as usefully point out that the Stanzas and "Paradise Lost" both contain the words *and*, *but*, *now*, *this*, *then*, *the*.

Mr. Candy thinks the inept phrase "strongly strong" is a "rather unusual combination but not uncharacteristic of Milton"—of Milton, who commanded a statelier flow of language, a more dignified choice of epithet, than any other English poet! But the Stanzas were written when Milton was only fourteen? He must have made enormous progress between fourteen and fifteen, when he wrote the very creditable lines beginning:—

"When the blest seed of Terah's faithful son." . . .

That, indeed, has a Miltonic ring. One finds nothing of the kind in these Stanzas, nothing but the poorest Elizabethan rhetoric and the most wobbling rhythm:—

"Athamas with furie taketh for the nonce
His child and's brains dasheth against the stones."

Whoever wrote these Ovid Stanzas, they are sorry trash. If it were proved a hundred times over that Milton wrote them in his nonage, they would still be trash, and the right thing to do would be to suppress them as utterly unworthy of a great poet. Can anyone imagine that Milton would have wished such rubbish printed under his name? After reading Mr. Candy's book, I personally am convinced that Milton did not write these stanzas; and, whatever Mr. Bayfield may say, I do not think Mr. Candy will ever find two reputable poets to agree with him.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THE WEALD OF KENT.

A Parcel of Kent. By F. J. HARVEY DARTON. (Nisbet. 12s. 6d.)

LET me say at once, and without qualification, that I have enjoyed Mr. Darton's book immensely. I wish I had the advantage of his friendship. He likes beer, cricket, the English language, "Alice in Wonderland," woodcraftsmanship, windmills, Chaucer, and Kent; I ask no more of any friend. He dislikes Surrey, bad coffee, advertisements, and sentimentality; so do I. For all that, I have certain quarrels with him. He has no map in his book; he prefers cats to dogs; I object to his carrying William Caxton away to Tenterden to learn his English "broad and rude," whereas I believe he learnt it in the village of Weald, which is my village, and even in the house I live in, which is his traditional birthplace; and still more do I object to his limitation of the Kentish Weald as a triangle lying between Paddock Wood, Ulcombe, and Rye, which would exclude that stretch of country between Edenbridge and Tonbridge with Penshurst at its heart. It is impossible to set a limit to what we shall call the Weald or not the Weald, since the "English Chronicle," speaking of the "Mickle Wood that we call Andred," says that it was from east to west 112 miles long or longer, and thirty miles broad, so that it would seem ungracious of Mr. Darton to deny the wealden name to those tracts which might justifiably wish to be included under it.

Nevertheless, I have enjoyed his book. Reading his book is like putting up at an inn in a Kentish village, looking out on to its jumbled roofs of a morning, and seeing its life pass down the street—flocks, drovers, farmers in gigs, the parson, the squire's lady, and the children on their way to school; and, walking at their sides, invisible to them, their prototypes out of other centuries, the small fry of the Canterbury Pilgrims, the "supers" of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," that rural population of England which, as Mr. Darton is so well and so sensitively aware, can have varied in nothing but habiliments, and was always more concerned with the price of wool and the local grievances of pannage than with the politics of London or the fall of princes. This is to say that Mr. Darton has really understood the secret of history: that it is life, made up of little things. "The small beer chronicled in the next chapter," he says, "is probably the truer history of the real people. They had their wood, their wool, and their iron, and those kept them busy." What he says would doubtless be true of most rural districts in England, not only of the Weald of Kent, but here the truth is the more remarkable, since the Weald, as the highway between the coast and London, must

have seen more of passing life than many an English county, but still that passing life can have been little more than a flash, a cavalcade to make the village children run out and stare, arousing less passion than the quarrel of Farmer Hodge and Farmer Bodge, of less immediate importance than the fine weather for haymaking or the supply of sulphur for the hops. What was true of the past is true of the present. Kent, the Weald of Kent, is an agricultural county, and farmers are the most conservative of people. They take little account of the towns, except to go there to market. Political gossip gets its measure of attention in the village tap-room every evening, but where are politics when hamlet plays hamlet at cricket on the green?

But for the Weald so thoroughly to preserve its seclusion, being, as I have said, the highway from the coast to London, some factor beyond the conservatism of country people must add its influence, and in the case of the Weald, I think, it is not fanciful to find that influence in geography. The Weald of Kent lies in a cup, between the northern hills and the sea. To this day, the people of the Weald speak of going "up the hill" as they might speak of going into a foreign country. Going "into Kent" is a definite journey to the men of Sussex. The Kent Ditch is a reality, and not an expression. Kent Dick they call it, as it might be an affectionate Christian name. There is a nice distinction between the Kentish Man and the Man of Kent. Lastly, there is the name, "the Weald," which sets it apart and suggests a local patriotism. Kent has not been merged into the Home Counties; it has remained Kent, and the Weald has remained the Weald, a little stubborn Kent in the heart of Kent. Self-contained as it is, it shapes itself readily into a book. For this reason it is good to find a writer like Mr. Darton, who has not only a sense of locality but also a sense of prose, taking the wealden clay into his hands and expressing its form and life.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST.

FICTION.

The Windlestraw. By J. MILLS WHITHAM. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

Night Fears. By L. P. HARTLEY. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.)

Triple Fugue. By OSBERT SITWELL. (Grant Richards. 7s. 6d.)

If you can come to terms with Mr. Whitham's style, determine not to be daunted by the length of his sentences, nor tripped up by the semi-colons and commas which bestrew the lines, you will find his book well worth reading. The style is, to my mind, a serious and unnecessary handicap to what would otherwise be a work of wide interest, and, at times, disconcerting insight into the lives and thoughts of men. The interest lies, not so much in the story itself, though the interest in that is well sustained, as in the implications of the story with which our imaginations are filled.

Ranley Hibbertson's origin is obscure. He was brought up by Jonathan Mead, a village baker, and his wife Joan, deeply religious and fanatical Methodists, at whose door he was left when only an infant. Joan having lost a child of her own—who if he had lived would have been exactly his age—thinks that God has sent Ranley to fill the gap in her life. The village doctor leaves him a legacy, and Ranley is better educated than his foster brothers and sisters. His foster-parents send him to coach with the village school-master, Mr. Beeston—a cynical figure very well described—concentrating all their hopes upon his entering the Ministry. Needless to say, Ranley does not fulfil their hearts' desire. Mr. Beeston sows the seeds of revolt. Ranley gets a scholarship, goes to Cambridge, drifts into journalism, and shakes the dust of the village bakery from his feet.

The second part of the book, which describes Ranley's life as a second-rate journalist, married to a worse than second-rate wife, has not the same sureness of touch as the rest. Mr. Whitham is more at home in describing country people and their way of life than in dealing with the artificiality of London semi-culture. So it is with relief that we find Ranley drifting back, after the destruction of his married life, to his old haunts. It is only, however, to see him sink lower and lower till he dies of want and privation, alone, worn-out, neglected.

Ranley Hibbertson is one of those tiresome, thin-skinned, reflective, intelligent people who have hitherto in our civilization, and under our educational methods, never failed to be failures in life. But he is essentially honest-minded—such an important but useless quality—and has the endearing qualities of unselfishness, kindness, and sympathy. Mr. Whitham is too much of an artist to point any moral. But the implications of his theme seem to me to be of the deepest interest to modern readers. These thin-skinned people haunt the imagination; they are of the stuff of which artists as well as failures are made. What is responsible for turning them into failures? It is absurd to put it all down to character, when these are the characters that can be crippled, dwarfed, twisted, and distorted in childhood. By what are their characters formed? Mr. Whitham describes the childhood of one of them and leaves the rest to our imagination.

Mr. Hartley's writing is so clever that it seems almost unbelievable that it should be so empty. Each sentence conveys the promise of something to come, and nothing comes. A short story should lead up to some climax, or embody some idea; one will do. But Mr. Hartley leads you in expectation up to the last word, and leaves you there still expectant. No climax, no idea, nothing but words, and horror! For he does manage to produce a general impression of horror in nearly all the stories, a kind of moral flesh-creeping, which is much more devastating than physical terror.

It is a relief to turn to Mr. Osbert Sitwell—short stories again, but this time satires on society, recent and to come. Mr. Sitwell has wit as well as wits, but his jokes seem sometimes a little forced, as when in much the most amusing of the stories, "Triple Fugue," he describes his own acquaintances and other well-known people under the thin disguise of their living twenty-five years hence, and in his preface dares them to recognize themselves under penalty of immediate prosecution for libel.

"Triple Fugue" is a clever and amusing satire on life in England in the year 1948; when democracy has been replaced by the Rule of the Press, and the herd-instinct has been so well developed as to produce a Group-soul, which can be spread over several individuals. So economical and so safe! Physical science having made immense strides, surgeons can both prolong the lives of men and reconstruct their bodies by an elaborate method of grafting. The trouble comes in when Sir Vincent McNabb reconstructs the mangled remains of three victims of an aeroplane disaster into one human body, oblivious, in the absorption in his task, of "the presence among the wreckage of what were apparently, in his technical language, spare parts." The resuscitated victim, Lord Richard Cressey, now finds he has a "triple yet single identity," he embodies three people; but as they all happen to have the same Group-soul, the consequences are not so serious as might have been expected.

"Triple Fugue" is much the best of the five stories which make up the volume. The others lapse frequently into tedium, though they have amusing interludes. They are too long for what they have to say. It is a mistake to make up in quantity what is lacking in quality. In short stories the quality should be rich and concentrated, giving a feeling of hidden, unneeded reserves. But to dilute it, to make a little go a long way, is to court certain failure.

F. H.

RIMSKY-KORSAKOV.

My Musical Life. By N. A. RIMSKY-KORSAKOV. Translated from the Russian by J. A. JOFFE, and Edited with an Introduction by CARL VAN VECHTEN. (Secker. 25s.)

MUSICAL criticism has not yet assigned a definite place to Rimsky-Korsakov in the history of the art. In France the majority of critics until recently considered him the most important of the famous "Five" who created modern Russian music, whereas in England, where less importance is attached to formal perfection than to originality and emotional power, the tendency has been to place Rimsky-Korsakov below Moussorgsky. Critics have even gone so far as to abuse Rimsky-Korsakov for his editing of his friend's works, and we are told that the vigorous barbarities of

"Boris Godounov" and "Kovantchina" have been given a gentlemanly polish which is quite foreign to their nature, and that the academic Rimsky-Korsakov did not understand his friend's genius. In "My Musical Life," Rimsky-Korsakov gives an account of his revision of "Boris Godounov" which is illuminating. In the season 1892-3, at the Russian Symphony Concerts in St. Petersburg, took place the first performance of the Coronation Scene from "Boris Godounov" as revised by Rimsky-Korsakov:—

"The effect achieved was magnificent; and of this it would seem even those of Musorgski's admirers were convinced, who had been ready to accuse me of spoiling his works, because of the alleged conservatory learning I had acquired, learning that ran counter to the freedom of creative art—e.g., Musorgski's harmonic incoherence. By the way, in this scene, I was particularly successful with the bell-tolling, which sounded so beautiful under Musorgski's fingers on the piano and failed so utterly in the orchestra."

From this alone one would judge that there is something to be said for Rimsky-Korsakov's revision. Every musician knows that what a composer may hear perfectly well in his head and be able to convey on the piano will not necessarily come through in the same way when orchestrated. Moussorgsky had the ideas, but it is at least likely that he did not always know how to bring them off, whereas no one has ever suggested that Rimsky-Korsakov could not produce any effect he wanted. Any criticism of Rimsky-Korsakov will always be directed at the quality and limited range of his ideas, their exposition is always little short of miraculous. It is probable that the combination of Moussorgsky and Rimsky-Korsakov was an unusually happy one; at any rate Rimsky-Korsakov himself was delighted:—

"I remained inexpressibly pleased with my revision and orchestration of 'Boris Godounoff' heard by me for the first time with a large orchestra. Musorgski's admirers frowned a bit, regretting something. . . . But, having arranged the new revision of 'Boris Godounoff,' I had not destroyed its original form, had not painted out the old frescoes for ever. If ever the conclusion is arrived at that the original is better, worthier than my revision—mine will be discarded, and 'Boris Godounoff' will be performed according to the original score."

Rimsky-Korsakov is a dry writer, and "My Musical Life" throws little fresh light on the inner history of the "Mighty Five" (Balakirev, Cui, Rimsky-Korsakov, Borodin, and Moussorgsky), but he occasionally comments with characteristic detachment on the members of his *coterie* and their doings:—

"Probably under pressure from the Directors of the Russian Musical Society, Balakireff also decided to add to the program the 'Vorspiel' to Wagner's 'Meistersinger,' which he hated. About the performance of this number Syeroff wrote that any second violin of the orchestra could have conducted it as well as Balakireff. Of course, this was only a prejudiced thrust on the part of the far from impartial Syeroff. The programs included the following works of members of our circle: Borodin's Symphony, my 'Antar,' and the Chorus of Welcome from 'Pskovityanka.' The programs of Balakireff's concerts provoked all sorts of attacks (from the critics). . . . They were exasperated by the lack of classical numbers on the programs, and by such novelties as Borodin's Symphony; by the partizanship shown in the partiality for work by members of our circle. . . . (They) also found fault with Balakireff's interpretation. On the other hand, Cui found it beyond all praise in the 'St. Petersburg Gazette.' Between Cui and the critics referred to there was a constant wrangling, caustic remarks, bantering—in a word, party polemics in full swing. In passing, the 'St. Petersburg Gazette' also dug its claws into talentless Wagner and Rubinstein, sour-sweet, bourgeois Mendelssohn, and dry, childish Mozart. . . . The adverse party hurled accusations of ignorance, partizanship, and clanishness."

The most important episode in Rimsky-Korsakov's life was his acceptance in 1871 of the post of Professor of Practical Composition and Instrumentation in the St. Petersburg Conservatory of Music. He was urged to accept the post by Balakirev, "his main object being to get one of his own men into the hostile Conservatory." Here is Rimsky-Korsakov's own comment:—

"The urgings of my friends and my own delusions, perhaps, won the day. . . . Had I ever studied at all, had I possessed a fraction more knowledge than I actually did, it would have been obvious to me that I could not and should not accept the proffered appointment, that it was foolish and dishonest of me to become a professor. But I, the author of 'Sadko,' 'Antar,' and 'The Maid of

Pskov,' compositions that were coherent and well-sounding, compositions that the public and many musicians approved, I was a dilettante and knew nothing. . . . I was young and self-confident. . . . and I joined the Conservatory. And yet, at the time, I not only could not decently harmonize a chorale, had not written a single counterpoint in my life, but I had hardly any notion of the structure of a fugue; nay, did not even know the names of augmented and diminished intervals. . . . As to the conductor's art, having never conducted an orchestra, nor even rehearsed a single choral piece, of course I had no conception of it."

Yet Rimsky-Korsakov became one of the most learned musicians, and perhaps the greatest teacher, of all time. Glazounov, Stravinsky, Arensky, Liadov, and many other famous composers were his pupils.

"My Musical Life" is not a personal autobiography, it is a dry, matter-of-fact record of work. It is, therefore, not a book for the general reader as is Wagner's "Mein Leben" or Berlioz's fascinating "Autobiography," but it is an invaluable and truthful record for the musical student of the first great period of Russian musical art.

A HISTORY OF ART.

A History of Art. By H. B. COTTERILL. Vol. II. (Harrap. £2 2s.)

THE second volume of Mr. H. B. Cotterill's "History of Art" is entitled "Later European Art": it contains also supplementary chapters on Oriental Sculpture and Painting by Mr. Stewart Dick. The book is divided according to countries—Italy, Spain, France, the Netherlands, Germany, and England—and each country is sub-divided under the headings of Architecture, Sculpture, and Painting, so that the whole, with an index which is both clear and full, makes an excellent book of reference. It contains some four hundred illustrations, reproduced from photographs. Mr. Cotterill's principle in selecting these has been—quite rightly, perhaps—to give typical examples of the various periods and styles, rather than illustrations of great works of art. Thus, though inevitably many real masterpieces are included, many of the greatest are omitted, and there is a large and sometimes unnecessary amount of extremely inferior work. His interest in Canova, for example, leads him to give several illustrations of the works of that vulgar imitator, so that many artists of infinitely greater importance are neglected more than they ought to be.

It is as a book of reference that Mr. Cotterill's "History of Art" is useful. He has collected facts and dates with conscientious care, and the volume is full of information. As a work of criticism, on the other hand, it is hardly so trustworthy. The author's taste is of the kind which is generally described as "safe"; he gives unstinted praise to those who are universally acknowledged as being among the greatest, and is too cautious to condemn any popular favourite. This naturally makes for dull reading: indeed, it is doubtful whether the book contains any very original or stimulating ideas. It may be contended that this is not the function of a mere history; but Mr. Cotterill's book, though it is called a History, is far from being dispassionate in outlook. Throughout, it is not only coloured by the author's personal opinions (and prejudices), but sets out to give definite criticisms of all the artists concerned and of their works. He even goes so far as barely to mention certain artists who evidently do not interest him. Goya and Ingres, to give only two examples, fare very meagrely at his hands. Goya, he says, had high gifts which he "used ignobly," and "in a spirit of bitter satire, in order to reveal the brute within the man," and he adds, mysteriously and quite irrelevantly, "an object seemingly kept in view by a well-known British painter of to-day." Who can this rogue be, to whom he alludes?

But the greatest scorn is reserved for El Greco. He says he is "by some regarded as an important Spanish painter," and goes on to speak of his style, "in which fantastic intimations of the spiritual are combined with bizarre travesties of the natural world; by virtue of such productions he has become an idol in the sanctum of impressionists." He takes the opportunity to make a sarcastic remark on the subject of the latter. El Greco, needless to say, has no illustrations (Murillo has seven, and is ranked with Velasquez).

Mr. Cotterill sets himself the date 1800-1820 as the

DOPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
OLD BOND ST LONDON W
By appointment to H. W. The King of Spain



IF MEN WENT MAD

By H. DENNIS BRADLEY

It is only in her occasional pensive moments, when temporarily satiated with her circle of amusements, that the fashionable woman languidly murmurs the hoary platitude: "If only I were a man."

Relatively, in the matter of the work of life and the spending of its fruits, man is, in reality, a down-trodden beast.

As a little diversion let us consider his clothes. Being a more delicate and modest animal, he wears many more garments than woman. That is obvious, even to the casual observer, when the sun shines. The unsophisticated might therefore imagine that man spent more on his clothes than woman, a thought so comic that it would even make Mr. Snowden smile.

But although woman wears the minimum she cannot control herself from buying the maximum. Her boudoir is a salon of silky fabrics, foaming lingerie, and unmysteriously diaphanous creations, 'signed to break men's hearts—and devastate her husband's overdraft.

It would be catastrophic, if in a moment of madness the husband became obsessed with the thought: "If only I were a woman" and surrendering to the impulse indulged in a similar orgy of spending.

Picture him in his bootmaker's fiercely ordering pairs of blood-red shoes to wear with his brick-coloured golf suit. See him at his hostler ordering peacock tics to blend with apple-green socks, and shirts galore of subtle shades to lure the Ciro Circos. Watch the infinite care with which he would select his pale mauve pants, with his monogram above the knee in contrasting colours just loud enough to be seen but not heard.

Subtle joy of all, see him prance towards Bond Street and order a dozen—not one—new evening suits for the coming season, a dozen suits for town wear, and others for Goodwood, more for Cowes and Deauville, and an entirely new set for the winter. And then, after his wife had arranged to get the certificate signed, more clothes for the lunatic asylum.

The inevitable end to his madness would, of course, desolate his wife's heart, but she would exhibit her grief in the most attractive mourning weeds which would be the sensation of all the smartest supper-clubs.

If men did spend as much as women, it would be a sort of millennium for Pope and Bradley. The firm would have to take fresh premises; the Ritz Hotel and a piece of the Green Park might suffice for awhile. At the moment the following prices are almost absurdly modest. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d. Overcoats from £7 7s.

An original and interesting booklet on men's fashions will be forwarded on application.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
 & 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C.
 ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER



Cut down your tobacco bill

—not by smoking less, not by saving a nominal penny per ounce, but by choosing a good tobacco that burns slowly and evenly and never runs to waste in the form of dust—a tobacco each pipeful of which lasts longer and gives more complete satisfaction than any other you have tried.

Three Nuns Tobacco is the most economical you can smoke. It is also distinguished by unvarying freshness, uniform excellence of quality and a delightful fragrance that never ceases to charm.

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings:—

2 oz. Tins 2/4

1 oz. Packets 1/2

2 oz. Packets 2/4; 4 oz. Tins 4/8

**Stephen Mitchell
& Son, Branch of
The Imperial To-
bacco Company
(of Great Britain
& Ireland), Ltd.,
36, St. Andrew
Square, Glasgow**

THREE NUNS
CIGARETTES
of
Pure Virginia Tobacco
10 for 6d.

SAFETY FIRST

The points of paramount importance in the selection of a Life Office are :—

- (1) **Undoubted Stability.**
- (2) **Simplicity of Contract.**
- (3) **Liberal Conditions.**
- (4) **Moderate Premiums.**
- (5) **Good Bonus Prospects.**

The Standard has £14,000,000 of Funds.

In its Valuation it provides reserves sufficient to pay all its liabilities on the assumption that it will earn only £2 10/-% of interest. In practice it earns over £5%, thus providing a very large margin of safety.

The Policies are the simplest of contracts and their conditions liberal.

It has declared a reversionary bonus of 35/100 and the margin of interest shown above affords undoubted security for the continuance of a large bonus in the future.

A
WITH PROFIT POLICY
with the
STANDARD

therefore offers all the requirements of an
Ideal Life Policy.

Write for Explanatory Leaflet A.M. 5 to

THE STANDARD LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY

(ESTABLISHED 1825).

HEAD OFFICE: 3, George Street, EDINBURGH.

LONDON { 110, Cannon Street, E.C.4, and
132, Ball Mall, S.W.2.

DUBLIN: 59, Dawson Street.

end of his period. English architecture (the English, as well as the Oriental, section is the work of Mr. Stewart Dick) is left at the brothers Adam, with the remark that it "reaches its lowest ebb in the early part of the nineteenth century." Whether by this it is meant to imply that it rose again during the later part of the century it is impossible to say. The chapter on English painting extends rather beyond the given period, as Turner is included. An exception is also made in favour of Alfred Stevens, whose monument of the Duke of Wellington in St. Paul's is called the "supreme achievement of British sculpture." Perhaps it is.

Mr. Cotterill is one of those who believe that no great art has been produced since the death of the classical tradition at the beginning of the nineteenth century. So, at any rate, the remarks on subsequent artists (with one or two exceptions in Mr. Stewart Dick's chapter) would lead us to suppose. We have already seen what he thinks of the Impressionists. But he does not leave us quite without hope: regarding the last hundred years as a "period of transition," he still believes that art has not ceased to exist, and that "the principles underlying great art will doubtless sooner or later reassert themselves."

ANGUS DAVIDSON.

THE LYTTELTONS.

Chronicles of the Eighteenth Century. Founded on the Correspondence of Sir THOMAS LYTTELTON and his Family. By MAUD WYNDHAM. Two vols., illustrated. (Hodder & Stoughton. 30s.)

"THE Lyttelton family," says Mrs. Wyndham, "from the time anything is known of it down to the period covered by these volumes, may be taken as a typical example of that section of the community which for so long governed England"; and of the eighteenth century, the true heyday of Whiggism, the Lytteltons may indeed be regarded as an epitome.

Sir Thomas Lyttelton, Member of Parliament for Worcestershire and a Lord of the Admiralty, possessed, in his eldest son's eyes, at any rate, the qualities that made the squirearchy not only tolerable, but desirable:—

"His servants consider him as a father whom it would be unnatural for them not to obey. His tenants are never hurt by drought or rain, because the goodness of their lord makes amends for the inclemency."

Of Sir Thomas's family, which was a large one, the most distinguished member was his son George, afterwards the first, and the "Good," Lord Lyttelton. George's letters to his parents are symptomatic of that dangerous tendency to priggishness which became more evident later:—

"In reply to our long discourse I only beg leave to say there is a certain degree of folly excusable in youth which I have never yet exceeded, and beyond which I desire no pardon. I hope my dear mother has dried her tears."

The subsequent career of George Lyttelton is told in some detail in a narrative based on extracts from the correspondence preserved at Hagley. Incidentally, students of Lyttelton's published works would have been grateful if Mrs. Wyndham had given references to show which letters are now printed for the first time. A natural result of Mrs. Wyndham's annalistic method is that her account is concerned more with politics than with literature. Quotations are duly given from the "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," and from the famous "Monody," but there is only scant reference to the "Persian Letters" and the "Dialogues of the Dead." Consequently, one aspect of George Lyttelton—that of the social satirist—is missed. It is true that, as Johnson said, the "Persian Letters" are the work of a "very young man," and that the satire is often heavy-handed, but George Lyttelton's pictures of the Discharged Soldier and the Business Man do not deserve, any more than his "Dialogue" between Apicius and Charles Darteneuf deserves, to be committed to final oblivion.

It is disappointing, too, to learn that there is no documentary confirmation of the tradition that Fielding read aloud the story of "Tom Jones" to Pitt and Lyttelton at Sanderson Miller's at Radway. If only Boswell had been old enough to be there, how busy he would have been with his note-book! There is, however, an interesting letter from Voltaire written to Lyttelton in 1750, which gives a candid opinion of English dramatic taste:—

"Give me leave to say that the taste of yr politest countrymen in point of tragedy differs not much from the taste of a mob at a Bear-garden. . . ."

But Mrs. Wyndham's volumes deal with the whole Lyttelton family—Charles, Dean of Exeter; Richard, who fought at Dettingen and became Governor of Gibraltar; William Henry, who made the grand tour with Henry Thrale, and afterwards governed Jamaica; Christian, who made an unhappy marriage with Thomas Pitt; and, not least, Thomas Smith, R.N., an illegitimate son of Sir Thomas Lyttelton and great-uncle of "Rainy-Day" Smith.

Admiral Smith, R.N., figures attractively in Mrs. Wyndham's pages. He became a popular hero in his early years, as a result of exceeding his instructions in the matter of demanding a salute from a French frigate, and in later life he had an amiable habit of using his privileges as a naval officer to import wine for his friends at a cheap rate. But perhaps the full flavour of the eighteenth century is tasted best in the account of Charles Lyttelton, a barrister whose taste for archaeology demanded a profession at once more leisurely and more remunerative—"that of Holy Orders was eventually fixed upon as both suitable and profitable." The Deanery of Exeter gave Charles Lyttelton what he desired—a good table and leisure for antiquarian travel. He belonged to the Royal Society, was an original member of the Society of Antiquaries, and did much for Exeter Cathedral.

Promotion to a bishopric—the See of Carlisle came ultimately to him—was not so rapid as the Dean could wish:—

"'Tis very unlucky that from that time to this, no vacancy has happened on the Bench. . . . My lease tenants also are as unwilling to quit this wicked world as My Lords the Bishops, so I get no money. . . ."

With the exception of a few generalities in her Introduction, Mrs. Wyndham rightly leaves these family chronicles to tell their own story; and no one who is interested in eighteenth-century England can afford to neglect the Lytteltons.

S. C. ROBERTS.

A FAMILY HISTORY.

The House of Airlie. By the Rev. WILLIAM WILSON, Minister of Airlie. Two vols. (Murray. 32s.)

THIS book, written from the family papers, traces the history of the Ogilvys of Airlie from the earliest records to the present day. In conferring a Baronetcy on George Ogilvy of Barras in 1661, Charles II. said: "This person is descended of the honourable family of Airlie, who, with his son, Lord Ogilvy, have at all times evidenced themselves faithful subjects to his Majesty, by which and his Majesty's action they will live for ever in future chronicles." The story of this ancient Scottish family is, indeed, essentially a story of military adventure, based always on loyalty to the Throne. It did not matter very much to the Ogilvys who sat upon the Throne, though they had, of course, their natural preferences. James, the fifth Lord, put allegiance to Mary, Queen of Scots, before fidelity to his Protestant faith, and David Ogilvy fought for Prince Charlie in the '45 Rebellion. But once it was clear that Jacobitism was a lost cause, the family found no difficulty in transferring its patriotism to the Guelphs. Unquestioning loyalty to kingly authority, combined with military courage, has always been the main family characteristic; and if occasionally some of its members have exhibited the vices no less than the virtues of their feudal order, it must, in Mr. Wilson's words, be pleaded in extenuation that "the Ogilvys have never been distinguished for their attainment of high intellectual pursuits; the proclivity of their mind was not attracted to the sublime paths of literature, neither was it disposed to invade the mystic labyrinths of transcendental thought." It is not surprising, therefore, that even the author has to confess that from 1747, when the feudal power of the aristocracy was eliminated by the merging of all heritable jurisdictions under officers of the Crown, the story of the Ogilvys is "bordering on the commonplace."

It is doubtful whether the ordinary reader will find anything specially thrilling or significant even in the earlier records of this family of soldiers. It is impossible not to admire the industry that Mr. Wilson has shown in following these records back for a thousand years, and in fairness

THE ECONOMIC ILLUSION

by Arthur Bertram 7/6

Social and economic problems of the day examined in a new light. The author is constructive in his criticism.

"A Stimulating Book."—*Birmingham Post.*

THESE THINGS CONSIDERED

by Margaret Pollock 7/6

A straight forward re-statement of the progressive ideals and aims of the present day in relation to the prevailing social conditions. The foreword is by J. L. Hammond.

"Obvious sincerity and moral fervour."—*The Times.*

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR OFFICE

by E. Beddington Behrens 7/6

An important treatise dealing with the functions and achievements of the League of Nations Labour Office. Foreword by Professor H. J. Laski.

LEONARD PARSONS

Devonshire



Street, W.C.

OXFORD BOOKS THE POCKET OXFORD Dictionary

Still conciser than the Concise Oxford Dictionary which has attained such popularity, the Pocket Oxford Dictionary draws on the great Oxford Dictionary for nearly all its contents. It also contains the many war words and other novelties that have recently crept into our daily speech. Size 4 x 6 3/4, 1020 pages. On Oxford India Paper, 6s. net. Ordinary edition 12s. 6d. net.

THE DIARY of a COUNTRY PARSON

Kept by the Rev. JAMES WOODFORDE from 1758—1781 and now edited by JOHN BERESFORD.

Of this really remarkable book Mr. Leonard Woolf says in the *Nation*. "Nothing of the slightest importance ever happened to him and yet Mr. James Woodforde will probably now be immortal. At any rate he deserves immortality. . . . it has left me with considerable affection for the childlike, simple character of Mr. Woodforde." First impression nearly exhausted. Second impression in the press. 12s. 6d. net.

JOHNSON'S JOURNEY TO THE WESTERN ISLANDS OF SCOTLAND

with Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides. Edited by R. W. CHAPMAN. The Journey and the Tour have never before, it is thought, been included in a single volume. Here they have, added to an accurate text, an adequate index and the minimum of commentary. A special edition is also issued on Oxford India Paper. 17s. 6d. net. Ordinary edition 12s. 6d. net.

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS.

Messrs. LONGMANS' LIST

COTTON IN AUSTRALIA

The Possibilities and the Limitations of Australia as a Cotton Growing Country.

By RICHARD HARDING, Secretary to the British Cotton Delegation to Australia, 1922.

With numerous Illustrations, Diagrams, and Graphs. 8vo. 12s. 6d. net.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

A Lecture delivered at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, March 14th, 1924.

By J. W. MACKAIL, F.B.A., M.A., LL.D.

Crown 8vo. 3s. net.

CHRISTIAN CITIZENSHIP

The Story and the Meaning of C.O.P.E.C.

By the Rev. EDWARD SHILLITO. Crown 8vo.

Paper covers, 2s. 6d. net; cloth boards, 3s. 6d. net.

THE PROCEEDINGS OF C.O.P.E.C.

An Account of what happened at Birmingham, with full Reports of the chief Speeches.

Crown 8vo. 3s. 6d. net.

BENEDICTINE MONACHISM

Studies in Benedictine Life and Rule.

By the Right Rev. CUTHBERT BUTLER.

New and Cheaper Edition. With Supplementary Notes. 8vo. 10s. 6d. net.

AN INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK OF CHILD CARE AND PROTECTION

Compiled from Official Sources by EDWARD FULLER, Editor of "The World's Children."

With an Introduction by PERCY ALDEN, M.P. Crown 8vo. 7s. 6d. net.

The Edinburgh Review

Edited by HAROLD COX.

JULY, 1924.

7/6 net

The Basis of Fascism.

By J. S. BARNES.

Germany To-day.

The Egyptian Factor in European Diplomacy (1798-1898).

By Sir J. A. R. MARRIOTT, M.P.

Politics and Population.

By Sir C. ALEXANDER HARRIS.

K.C.M.G., C.B., C.V.O.

The Material Side of Hinduism.

By the late Col. G. P. RANKEV.

The Far East Two Centuries Ago.

By Sir A. F. HORT, Bart.

The Present Position of Cancer Research.

Law Reform.

By His Honour Judge Atherley Jones.

Blockade and Protection of Trade.

By David HANNAY.

The Royal Game of Tennis.

By Ralph STRAUS.

The Centenary of the R.S.P.C.A.

By Sir H. PERRY ROBINSON.

Juvenile Migration and Settlement.

By Commissioner David C. LAMB.

Tropical Settlement in Australia.

By The New Settlers' League of Australia

(Queensland Division)

Recently Published Books.

By William ROWNTREE.

The English Historical Review

Edited by G. N. CLARK, M.A.

JULY, 1924.

7/6 net

Articles.

The Originals of The Great Charter of 1215.

By Sir John C. FOX.

The Cornish and Welsh Pirates in the Reign of Elizabeth.

By David MATHEW.

The Anglo-Dutch Alliance of 1678.

By Clyde LECLARE GROSE.

Richard Belgrave Moppner.

By C. S. B. BUCKLAND.

The Finlay Papers.

By William MILLER, LL.D.

Notes and Documents.

Reviews of Books.

Short Notices.

Notices of Periodical Publications.

LONGMANS, GREEN & CO.,

39, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.4.

to him it should be said that his book has its interesting moments. When the story of one of the Ogilvys leads him naturally into a realm where he is at home—as, for instance, that of Scottish religious history—he can write plainly and illuminatingly. But the effort to make the dry bones of genealogy live has, apparently, been too much for him, and the poverty of much of his material is only accentuated by the pomposity and flamboyance of his style. He cannot tell the simplest tale without adorning it with a moral; nor does he use one word where six can possibly be employed. Moreover, he has a painfully short memory, and passages almost identical with the following recur in his pages:—

"It is with families as with the trade of a country, or with any of the world's great movements—these cannot be maintained at the same high level, and a time of great activity is usually followed by a period of depression, when conditions are restricted. Even Nature rejects the principle of uniformity and rejoices in diversity as its sacred law. As the stars are not all of the same magnificence and brilliancy, one star differing from another star in glory, so is it in the generations of families. . . . The Ogilvy family is in no way an exception to the general experience of the human lot."

Mr. Wilson's use of superlatives evokes in one reader's mind the image of the fireman hurling coals into the furnace of the Paddington to Plymouth non-stop express. His epitaphs on the various members of the Ogilvy family surpass the liveliest panegyrics to be found on ancient tombstones. As for his sentimentality, here is a characteristic example, chosen at random:—

"The companions of his youth—where were they? Most of them were in that land which is curtained by the shadow, where there is no more sorrow, nor crying, nor death, and where, instead of strife and rancorous feelings, there is rest, and peace, and everlasting love. The 'Deare Heart,' too, had joined 'the great multitude which no man can number of every nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue'—an angel in the land of angels, where 'they serve Him day and night in His temple.' Her memory shall never fade."

Mr. Wilson means well, and he has laboured heroically. But he has never learned how fine is the line that divides sublimity from bathos.

GILBERT THOMAS.

SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

The Scientific Approach to Philosophy. By Professor H. WILDON CARR. (Macmillan. 12s.)

An Introduction to Modern Philosophy. By C. E. M. JOAD. *The World's Manuals.* (Oxford University Press. 2s. 6d.)

THE most important thing in modern thought is the remarriage of science and philosophy, and it is this idea that the more or less disjointed papers of Professor Wildon Carr's new book all serve in greater or less degree to illustrate. The divorce between these two branches of learning, which took place during the nineteenth century, was more unfortunate for philosophy than for science. Science had much vital work to do which could be done quite well within the positivist frame, but philosophy, returning scorn with scorn, turned its back upon the living world, and spun out of its inner consciousness those webs of Hegelian gossamer which our Universities have since turned into a sort of pedagogic scourge. Philosophy being what it was in the nineteenth century, we can on the whole sympathize with the scientist, who, in the words of Professor Wildon Carr, felt that pure philosophy was "of a nature like moonshine, a radiance investing concrete utilitarian knowledge with an air of romance and sully the intellect with emotion, itself unable to present anything tangible to the student and actually wasteful in its expenditure of mental energy."

Professor Wildon Carr seems to represent the reconciliation between scientist and philosopher as due almost entirely to the former's recognition of positivist insufficiency. The scientist has, if the figure is admissible, worked outwards and quite recently struck the edges of the positivist frame. But the philosopher has been converging upon the scientist as well. Bergson, though he does not actually work inductively from biological data, applies the tests of biology ruthlessly to his theories.

It was biology that first forced the scientist into a reluctant re-examination of first principles, in so far as

it ultimately compelled him to take up the study of the nature and genesis of the intellect. But it is impossible to do this without raising the whole question of the relation between cognition and the cognized, and thus crossing into the territory of metaphysics.

It is, however, in physics that the transition from the one branch of human inquiry to the other has been even more remarkable. For two centuries following Roemer's discovery of the velocity of light it was not found possible to make use of the discovery in any physical experiment based on terrestrial phenomena. With the technical advances of the nineteenth century it became possible to make the velocity the subject of actual physical experiment. There then began that long series of attempts to discover the absolute movement of the earth in space, or in the ether supposed to occupy space, by instruments designed to discover the alteration in the velocity of light propagation, when the velocity of the moving earth was added to it or subtracted from it. Here, however, the physicist was subjected to a rude shock. The experiments yielded uniformly negative results. The velocity remained constant under conditions which required him infallibly to predict its variation, the prediction being based on the concept that space and time provide an absolute system of reference. That concept is exploded by the null result of the experiment, and the physicist is now driven to assume that space and time are variables. In other words, the Michelson-Morley experiment, as the chief of these experiments was called, has smashed to atoms the Newtonian framework of science.

It is impossible here to go in detail into the relativist theory of the Universe, which was the logical outcome of the Michelson-Morley experiment. Suffice it to say that it appears to compel the physicist to accept a theory of Reality which is in its essence humanistic. The space and time framework of the observed, which the physicist had hitherto credited with absolute validity, can now only be understood if that framework is accepted as being merely the observer's system of reference. In other words, the borderland between physics and metaphysics has again been definitely crossed.

Mr. C. E. M. Joad's little book is as good as a short Manual of this sort can be. He gives us a tabloid version of the New Realists (Bertrand Russell, and the Americans), the Neo-Idealists (Gentile and Croce), the Pragmatists and Bergson, to say nothing of his own remarks on these writers, all within a bare hundred pages. Mr. Joad has made a brave attempt to be simple and intelligible, but, as he himself admits, the ideal is one which cannot be realized. The standard of concreteness and lucidity attained by Mr. Joad is, however, on the whole a high one.

J. L. BENVENISTI.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Truth at Last. By CHARLES HAWTREY. (Thornton Butterworth. 21s.)

Mr. Somerset Maugham, who introduces these recollections, says that it struck him as singular that Charles Hawtreys excelled in an art "to which after all he was somewhat indifferent." His real interest, he goes on to say, was not in acting, but in life, particularly in that special department of life which centres in the race-course. Hawtreys made his first bet when he was an Eton boy, and it was the fore-runner of a vast progeny. He became an actor as most men become bankers, barristers, or doctors—to make a living. And for the rest of his life the two interests intersect so closely and beat up such a dust of affairs between them that it is difficult to see any particular event very clearly. That is the weakness of much dramatic and sporting literature. It needs a born writer to breathe life into the innumerable details of ancient races and ancient plays. Hawtreys was only a perfunctory recorder—a hurried, good-tempered, rather breathless man setting down notes of what had happened to him and feeling, one can be sure, that all the spice went out of his story as he told it. Now and again he makes a little confidence—"I am a steadfast believer in the efficacy of prayer"—or tells a vivid story, but for the most part the book is a jumble of old race cards and old play bills, among which the reader must be prepared to do a little artful skipping for himself.

